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FLASH BACK

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Washington County Historical Society

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FLASH BACK

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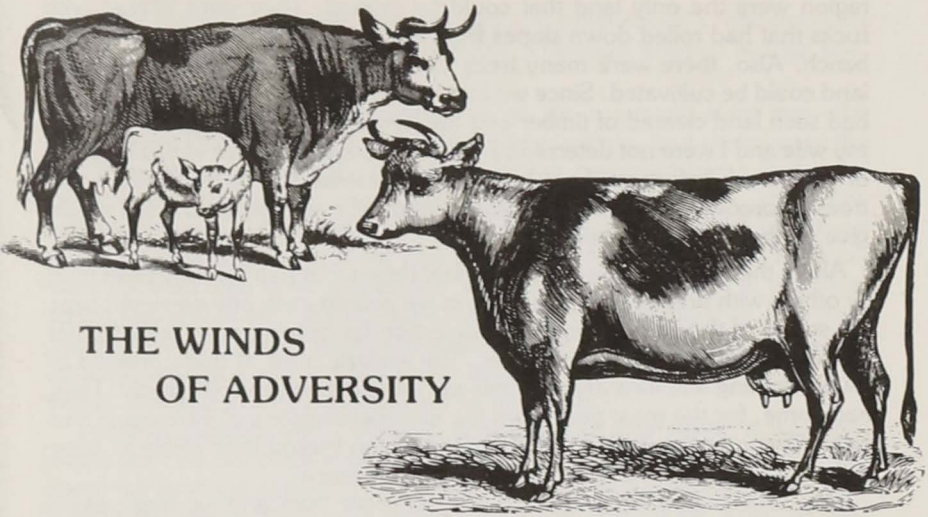
Preserving the Past For the Future



THE WINDS OF ADVERSITY

(Editor's Note: Although the story which follows is told in first person, it was actually written by the nephew of J. E. Icenogle to whom the related events happened. We are indebted to Mr. Elmer Long, nephew of Elmer Icenogle (the man who wrote the story who was a retired postal carrier in McComb, Illinois.)

In 1836 I left the vicinity of Rushville, Illinois to find a home in the Boston Mountain region of western Arkansas. My brother-in-law had gone there a few years before and had written me that land could still be obtained in northwest Arkansas under U.S. Homestead laws; that there was fertile land on a certain one hundred and twenty acres that he knew of which had not been homesteaded. There was enough fertile land to provide a good living for a family, along with plenty of timber for fuel and a milder climate than that in Illinois; that its eighty acres of virgin timber, never having had an axe struck in it, would one day be worth a fortune.

So, after receiving a number of letters from my brother-in-law as to the advantages of a homestead in Arkansas (and knowing that I did not have the money to buy land in Illinois), I finally made up my mind to take the jump. Along in the summer of '86, with my wife and three children, I boarded a train at Beardstown, Illinois, with tickets to Winslow, Arkansas, a village situated at the foot of Mount Gaylor in Washington County.

My brother-in-law met us at the depot of the 'Frisco railroad with a farm wagon drawn by a yoke of long-horned oxen. In this we traveled to his home about three miles southwest of town. The road was just a rocky trail around boulders, trees, and the bluffs of the mountain along what I later learned was called a "bench" by the mountain people. The benches in this

region were the only land that could be farmed. They were littered with rocks that had rolled down slopes from higher up and come to rest on the bench. Also, there were many trees that would have to be cut before the land could be cultivated. Since we had come from a hill region in Illinois and had seen land cleared of timber and the homes established by our parents, my wife and I were not deterred by the knowledge that there would be years of hard work before us if we hewed a homestead out of these rocks and trees. Moreover, we were both young and believed the good Lord would give us the strength for all our labors.

Along the rocky trail we passed several cabins that had recently been built by others with dreams like ours, and as we neared each one we could hear the sound of the axe clearing the little bench for farming or to provide fuel for cooking and heat for the winter. The settlers, most of them dressed in rough clothing and wearing long hair and whiskers, were very friendly. They had come, for the most part, from the mountain regions of Tennessee and Kentucky and were an indomitable people who trusted their ability to cope with any circumstances with the help of Providence.

My brother-in-law's cabin was a little larger than any we had passed. There were four rooms downstairs and a loft above where the children slept - except one who might be ill and needed to be close to the parents. The three-mile journey by ox-team to this comfortable cabin of Lige had taken a little more than an hour. "Lige", of course, was short for "Elijah". The mountain people always used the shortest name that could be conjured from a given name. Newcomers such as we were always addressed as "mistah" So-and-so; but after showing themselves to be good, industrious and helpful neighbors they were gradually dubbed "Lige", "Bill", "Mack", or whatever could readily be derived from the given name.

The night of our arrival at Lige's place we had a supper of fried bacon and eggs, corn pone, and coffee cooked over the coals of the large fireplace. After supper we were entertained by tales of guerillas, bandits and jayhawkers who had roamed the hills in the '60s and '70s. Then Lige promised that in the morning he would show us the hundred and twenty acres that could still be homesteaded.

We arose as the sun first lighted the tops of the mountains. Here and there from the hollows between the hills small white clouds began to pop up as the sun's rays began to boil off the previous night's fog. It was a glorious sunrise, and as I gazed out on those tree-covered hills and inhaled great breaths of the mountain air I knew that I had found a land where I wanted to make my home. And I was full of hope for the fulfillment of my dream for a better future. Later I was to learn that the Almighty, in his kindness toward us mortals, withholds knowledge of the future - its trials and hardships and disappointments. He surely knows that if we had foreknowledge of how rough and crooked life's road was to be for us, we would not have the courage to climb the mountains of such adversities as we are destined to encounter.

On this glorious morning, after the cows were milked and the chickens fed, my wife and children and I, eager for the first sight of our homestead,

loaded into the wagon with Lige's family and drive about a mile along the bench to a wide place nearly free of rocks. The oxen stopped as Lige said, "This is the PLACE."

Around us, below us, and above us on the mountain sides grew the largest trees I had ever seen. Oak, ash, maple, walnut, and cherry were the main species. I saw at once that if this timber remained uncut and if the population of the nation continued growing as it promised to, these fine cabinet woods would mean a fortune to the owner who waited to harvest them until the market for them had developed. Along the bench the trees were covered with huge grapevines, some a foot in diameter at the base, which nearly shut out the sun where the trees were close together. The vines hung heavy with great bunches of grapes. Since it was still early in the day, squirrels emerged and scolded us for invading their domain, and the bob-whites whistled to one another from all directions.

Together, Louisa and I selected a location for our cabin, a sheltered sunny spot for the chicken house and barn, and a plot for an orchard. We spent the morning exploring the land lines and driving marking stakes, Lige having brought along a plat secured from the land office when he had homesteaded his place a few years before. The government surveyors had set stakes to provide bearings from which the homesteader could lay out his claim with fair accuracy.

Tired and hungry by noon, we enjoyed a picnic dinner of corn bread, boiled eggs, pickles, and sliced cold ham which we washed down with cold water from a small spring trinkling from the side of the mountain above us. Still tired from climbing over rocks and fallen logs and up and down the sides of the mountain, we rested a little before scrambling back into the big wagon and riding back to Lige's place.

That evening we felt a kind of peace as we sat outside under a porch constructed of poles set in the ground which supported a roof also made of poles laid horizontal and covered with oak shingles hewn out of what Lige called "clapboards". Out across the valleys already beginning to gather mists, we could see more distant mountains bathed in the light of a big, cheese-colored full moon. We could hear the calls of the whippoorwills, the hoot of an owl, the bark of a fox, and sometimes the faraway "yap-yap" of a coyote.

Then Cindy, Lige's wife, started to sing an old hymn, and soon all were joining in. Back in Illinois at singing school, which was held in the winter months for a few weeks each year, we had learned many of the old songs -mostly hymns, a few love songs, and pathetic ballads of long-lost loves or tragedies of war or death, that came all unexpectedly, sadly ending young romances. The mountain people also had a large repertoire of ballads and hymns, all learned from former generations, for few of them could read or write. Many of the old ballads had been brought across the sea, out of the homes of the poor in far-off England. In a little while the children's heads began to nod under the spell of the music and Cindy announced it was time that honest people were abed.

The next morning I arose early, ate some corn pone left over from the night before, and set off on foot to go to the county seat at Fayetteville to file a claim on the hundred and twenty acres. I could have taken the train, but I needed to hoard every penny of the two hundred dollars I had brought with me from Illinois for our future needs. So, being longlegged and a tireless walker, I arrived a little before noon at the land office where I paid the $12.50 filing fee and became the owner of a rocky and wooded mountain homestead. I lunched on some more of the corn pone and cold water, and again taking shank's pony, I was back at Lige's place just as supper was ready. Altogether, I had made a journey over the rough mountains roads of about twenty-five miles.

As a new homesteader, the first thing I had to do was to build some type of temporary shelter. With some help from Lige, I constructed a three-sided shed, covering the top with poles and some of Lige's clapboards. For now, we would cook outside over an open fire. First I had to remove some stones and level the dirt with a borrowed shovel. Then I started cutting poles. We would have no windows or doors, since one side was open to the south and none were needed. When the shelter was complete, I made bedsteads by boring holes in the bigger logs and inserting the ends of one side rail and one end rail in the holes at right angles to each other. A larger chunk of wood was set under the angle where they were joined. Two-inch blocks along the two walls allowed nailing poles to the blocks so that ropes could be passed behind them and tied to the front rail. Thus a network was formed that would support the bedding and the occupants. These were the first beds made by the early settlers, and were called "jumping jennies". Then, from boxes in which our dishes and cooking utensils had been packed, I made cupboards by putting in some shelves and setting them off the damp ground on rocks. Louisa hung flour sacks in front for curtains to protect the contents somewhat from dirt. Our floor was the good Mother Earth.

We got moved in in a couple of days. We had brought only a few things from Illinois - some pots and pans and dishes, and some tools for masonry and carpentry. As baggage on our train fare we had brought a couple of featherbeds and some pillows. We were able also to include some quilts and sheets and comforters and still stay within the hundred and twenty-five pounds allowance for each ticket. We had packed my axe and crosscut saw diagonally across a long box filled with pillows and comforters placed

around the tools to keep them from rattling. We carried our surplus clothing with us on the train, packed in a couple of valises and two 100-pound flour sacks. We made a ludicrous sort of parade when we got on the train and when we changed trains at three stops before we got to Winslow. Now, at last, we would have a home to carry them to. We got moved in - all but our surplus clothing, which we left a Lige's temporarily, and sometimes if the clouds looked real stormy we would all go to the safety of his cabin to spend the night.

As soon as we were settled in our makeshift shelter, I started to hew the logs for the cabin that would be our permanent home. Much larger than the poles I had cut before, these logs were thirty feet long and had to be faced on one side with a broad axe so that the inside wall would present a fairly smooth surface. Also, they had to be notched at the ends so that they would lie close together at the corners. In about three weeks I had the logs for the side walls ready. Then I cut an even bigger log to run clear across the length of the cabin to form a ridgepole to hold up other poles placed with one end resting on the side walls and the other rising the to ridgepole. These last logs were spaced about two feet apart and nailed both top and bottom. Then still other rows of poles were placed lengthwise across these on which to nail the clapboards. I got some boards from a local sawmill to form the gable ends which hold the ridgepole up. I promised to work out their worth at ten cents an hour later on. I also went in debt for enough of these rough, unsurfaced planks for two floors, for our cabin, like Lige's, would have a loft above when it was done. The next job was to hew out small logs that would reach across from one wall to another to serve as floor joists. One side of these also had to be faced smooth so the floors would lie fairly level. For the first floor, these smaller logs were laid on rocks placed at each end and in the middle to keep the wood from contact with the ground. But for the second-story floor, these joists extended over the side walls; therefore, they were notched at each end to fit over the side walls to help prevent them from spreading apart. In about seven or eight weeks I had everything ready for house-raising.

In those days all the neighbors from miles around came, bringing their families along. The men and older boys helped raise the heavy logs into place; the women and girls cooked up big meals for everyone. It was surprising the quantity and variety of victuals that were brought in - corn bread, hog meat of all kinds, pies made from wild huckleberries, blackberry cobblers, and pancakes made from white flour, eggs and sugar, spiced up to be very palatable. Black coffee made in large pots and kettles was poured out or ladled into tin cups or gourd cups and consumed in unbelievable quantities. Before the meal was served, the men washed as best they could at the spring and most had a drink from a keg of whiskey kept as much as possible in the background. Then, as all gathered around in a circle, some half-lying on the ground and others sitting on logs and rocks, order was called for and a circuit-rider preacher thanked the Almighty God for all the bountiful blessings He had given them the strength to produce. Then he asked for God's blessing on the new home and new family that had come into their midst.

After this act of grace, everyone fell to with a vengeance, and soon every appetite was satisfied. A few minutes rest, another visit to the keg in the brush, and everyone was in his place for raising.

The logs had been arranged just right so that by the direction of one of the older men the walls were raised. Then there was a great pounding and hammering as the rafters were nailed in place, the crossbeams nailed to them, and the new clapboards laid and nailed. One man laid the roof while others faced openings for windows and doors, and others laid floors. By night my cabin was almost livable. I had yet to build a chimney and fireplace, install window sash, make and hang the doors before the house would be weatherproof. I bought what hardware I needed "on tick" as credit was called. I was to pay by providing wood for stove and fireplace in the storekeeper's home. The cracks between the logs were chinked with slabs of wood hewn from the logs during facing, and smaller cracks were closed with thick yellow clay. I bought enough lime to make mortar for the stone work of the fireplace and chimney. I gathered the stone up from what was to be my first bench field and borrowed Lige's oxen to drag them to the house. With the help of Lige's oldest boy whom I hired for a quarter a day, I soon had a fireplace and flue erected. Finally, again, I had to build some of the crude bedsteads.

There were a great many chores to be done now. I had bought some blue striped cloth called "ticking" which Louisa, with the help of Cindy, Lige's wife, sewed into bed ticks and later stuffed with oat straw for which we paid ten cents to a farmer in a neighboring valley. These she placed next to the bed cords with the featherbed on top to make a soft bed.

As I said before, I had only about two hundred dollars when I arrived in Winslow, but by doing the large portion of the work myself, I had a fair log house, adequate shelter from rain or snow. There was still lots of work to do after we moved in, but, being accustomed to working early and late, we soon had the main part of the house partitioned into three rooms - a living room and two bedrooms. A ladder built in the kitchen area led through a hole to the large upper loft room.

After we moved in, I started to work out my debt to the storekeeper for the nails, hinges, and such items I had to buy. I was credited sixty-five cents for delivering a cord of wood. "Cordwood" was sticks cut four feet long and stacked crosswise between braces set eight feet apart in a pile four feet high. Sometimes I sold wood by the "rick", a similar stack but only sixteen inches across so the sticks would be the right size to feed with ease into the door of a cookstove. In a rick one could include a certain amount from smaller limbs, but there also had to be wood split from larger logs, because the wood from the limbs, though it would start to burn readily, would not hold a fire very long. I got "six bits" (seventy-five cents) for a rick of wood and paid Lige fifty cents to haul either a rick or a cord to my customer in town.

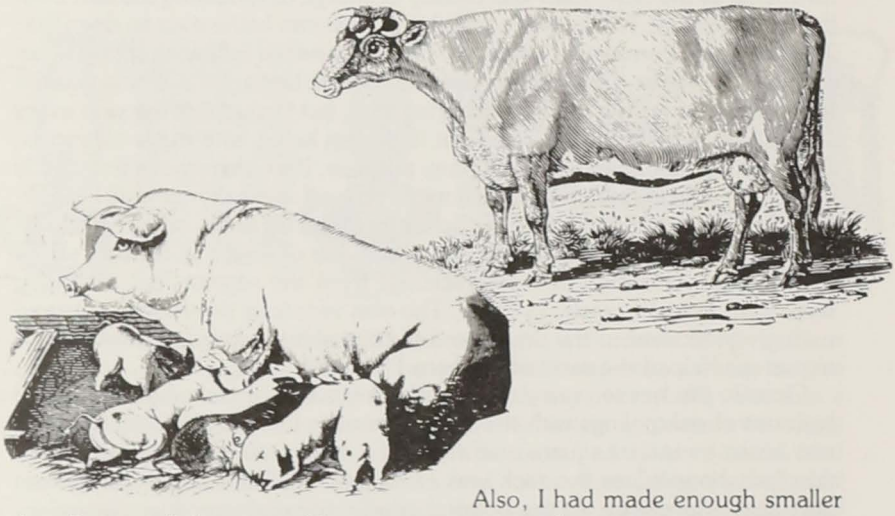
I soon had my debt to the hardware store paid off, and began paying on the essential groceries we had bought. Home-cured bacon was six cents a pound; flour was "six bits" for a hundred-pound sack; sugar, three cents a

pound; and coffee, eight cents a pound. Salt was only one cent.

Later, when it was cold enough to cool out meat thoroughly, I helped several neighbors butcher. I usually returned with a generous supply of backbones, spareribs, liver, and hogs' heads and feet as pay for my help. And I could buy hams or shoulders from the farmer for eight cents a pound.

That winter I cleared off some ground close to the house for a garden spot and big enough for a small orchard. I could buy fruit trees for fifteen cents to a quarter apiece from a nursery about ten miles away. And whenever I found some extra time, I would cut poles with which to fence in the garden plot and build a pig pen. All cultivated patches had to be fenced since livestock ran at large. To distinguish his stock from other people's, each neighbor had a mark made by splitting the animal's ears in a particular pattern.

I had no stock for a while to care for in the winter, but in the evenings or on days when it was too cold for outdoors work I whittled out handles for axes, hammers, hatchets, and sledges. That first winter I made enough axe handles and sold them at twenty-five cents apiece in Fayetteville to bring me twenty dollars with which I bought a cow. A cow had to be an exceptional milker to bring that much, and she was.



Also, I had made enough smaller handles to sell for ten or fifteen cents apiece to buy a young sow soon to bring pigs. She only cost me $4.50 and three axe handles. Corn being eight to ten cents a bushel, I bought ten bushels of white corn with some of the money I earned. Part of this we made into hominy and part we had ground into meal at the mill for corn pone.

As I said before, I had cut enough rails and poles to fence in a small pen into which I put my sow. We fed her an ear of corn three times a day, along with some "slop" made from water and wheat "middlings", a by-product which the mill sold for only fifty cents a hundred pounds. This feeding was mainly to get her used to our calls and to feeding times. In the spring, as

soon as the pigs came, I removed a couple of rails at the bottom of the pen so she could get out and wander in the woods, which provided lots of things for hogs to live on. There were acorns and all kinds of nuts that had fallen the autumn before, and herbage of every discription. Once a day we would call her up and feed her some corn and a little slop, and she would always be close enough by evening to hear the familiar call, having acquired her own time clock by the regular feedings in the pen. By the next fall she was ready to have another litter of pigs, and the first ones were ready to butcher by the first of the year, having fattened on the "mast", as the fallen nuts and acorns were called. Now, after it was cured, we had enough meat for winter.

I had worked that summer at the sawmill long enough to earn some rough lumber with which I built a small shed where I smoked our meat and hung it on the crossbeams out of the way of rodents.

Butcherings were times when neighbors helped each other, making a sort of picnic of the event. The man killed and prepared the carcasses, trimmed the fat and scraps of meat to make lard and sausage. The sausage mill, which was turned by hand, belonged to one of the most prosperous neighbors, but was considered almost common property as each used it in turn. One of the older men was usually in charge of rendering the lard from the fat trimmings. The fat was cooked in a huge iron kettle over an open fire. The first year I borrowed a kettle, but I bought one the following spring when they were cheaper. Every settler needed his own kettle, for not only was the fresh fat rendered into lard at butchering time, but throughout the year every scrap of fat was saved, rendered out in the big kettle, and made into soap. This was the only soap we had for any purpose. It would remove dirt readily and with a little too much rubbing it might take off some skin as well! In soap-making, lye was added to the rendered fat in the big kettle after the "cracklings" were removed. Cracklings are what is left of scraps of fat after all the oil has been extracted. These cracklings from the regular lard rendering were used to make crackling bread. This was very tasty since they contained enough fat to shorten the dough and the bits of lean clinging to the rendering scraps helped the taste of the bread.

Close to the house, every new settler built a sort of rack about three feet high out of oak palings with the sides slanted in towards the bottom which was about six inches square and made of a solid piece of oak lumber. Into this "ash hopper" as the rack was called, went all the wood ashes from fireplaces and stoves. At the bottom, where one end was open, a shallow vessel was placed. When it rained, water seeped through the ashes and was caught in the vessel. This was liquid lye. Straw was usually placed across the front to prevent ashes from getting into the drippings. Sometimes when making soap the women would cook the mixture of lye and grease for quite some time in the iron kettle. When it was the right consistency, they ladled it out into a series of small boxes where it congealed into whitish cakes of soap. These had a rather rancid odor. Sometimes the mixture was not cooked down that much and then taken off before it was at the stage to congeal. This was "soft soap" and was used for laundry and for scrubbing the wide

plank floors. In a new home these floors were usually rough and knotty, and sometimes full of splinters. The frontier sawmills had no planer to make the lumber smooth. But the womenfolk of the household took pans of sand and ashes and, getting down on their hands and knees, would scour the splinters and knots down with a rough brush or piece of sand rock. Then after several scrubbings with the soft soap, one could walk barefoot across the floor without having to pick splinters from his feet.

That first winter I bought a little lime and made a mixture of lime and water. Then I borrowed one of Louisa's old, worn-out brooms and whitewashed the cabin walls and ceilings. This made it much lighter on dark days, when the mountains shut out most of the sunlight.

For a few years the only light we had in the cabin other than sunlight was of the fireplace. Finally we made what were called grease lamps, consisting of a small dish about half full of grease and the wick about an inch in the grease. Then one end, about three inches long, was left hanging out of the grease and lighted. The wick would continue to feed grease into the flame, which produced very little light and a very acrid odor, and a great deal of smoke. Needless to say, these lights were used only at bedtime or during some dire occasion such as sickness when a light was absolutely essential.

55671 Crystal Glass Night, Lamp; will hold enough oil to burn all night and is fitted with a burner, wick and chimney, complete.
Price.....$0.16
55672 Footed Crystal Glass Hand Lamp, heavy foot, not easily upset, complete with No. 1 Sun burner, chimney and wick.
Price ..... .20

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5785 Cold Blast or Storm Lantern; is made on the same principle as street lamps, with wind break, and is a very desirable lantern where there are strong drafts or wind; it is especially adapted for use in mills and other places where there is considerable dust, as the burner will not clog up; it has a number 2 burner and takes a one inch wick, which throws a large and brilliant light; a good all around lantern, one that is sure to give good satisfaction.
Price.....$0.85

Still later, we bought three kerosene lamps, wick, and chimneys for a dollar, and a two-gallon "coal oil" can. The can was only a dime, but the kerosene was twenty-five cents a gallon and of very poor quality. Because it smoked so badly, the lamps were extinguished unless light was an absolute necessity. Every morning the smokey chimneys had to be washed, and every evening before dark the wicks had to be cleaned of the charred deposit from the night before. Though they gave off smoke and soot, these coal oil lamps were so much better than the grease lamps that we were glad to make the change. They were also safer, for sometimes the grease would get afire in the grease lamp or the hot grease would spill over a person's hands if he carried the lamp about.

Gradually, with the earnings from my carpenter and mason trade, and from the produce from the garden and cows, I accumulated enough to buy a team of good horses. They were part western, but well-broken, both to harness and to ride. Since cutting firewood and railroad ties did not pay as well as the building trades, I frequently loaded my tools into my wagon and

would be gone several miles from home for perhaps a week at a time. Sometimes a small church or a schoolhouse was to be built, and since I could do the entire job from the ground up, I soon became known over a wide area and got quite a few jobs.

Because I was busy off the farm, I had not cleared much of my land. Our little orchard was beginning to bear fruit to supplement the vegetables from our garden. The silt of the benchland was rich in humus from the leaves accumulated there over many years, and very fertile. Since hay and grain were cheap, I did not raise any but bought what I needed from farmers in nearby valleys. By my sixth year, I had several young cattle which roamed the woods and foraged for themselves. In bad weather I fed them some hay and a little ground grain. By now, I had built a small shed for the cattle and a rough sort of barn for the team. Also, since chickens do well in this country, I had built a substantial chicken house and that spring a dozen hens were sitting on fifteen eggs apiece. Each year our flock of hens increased until we had about a hundred layers. Louisa took care of the hens and cows and sold eggs and garden produce to wealthy people who came to Winslow for the mountain air and scenery. The money from these sales she spent on clothing and groceries that just had to be bought from a store.

We had now gotten to the time in our lives when we could spend a little to make our log home more cheerful and livable. I bought lumber to ceil the floor joists of the second storey and chinked the side logs with plaster to replace the original clay. I built in some cupboards and closets, lined them with canvas, covered the canvas with cheap wallpaper, and varnished the outside which was made of pine ceiling lumber. The "jumping jenny" bedsteads I replaced with oak bedsteads bought from the secondhand store. Then I covered the newly-plastered log walls with canvas and bright-flowered wallpaper, giving the cabin a clean and cheerful look.

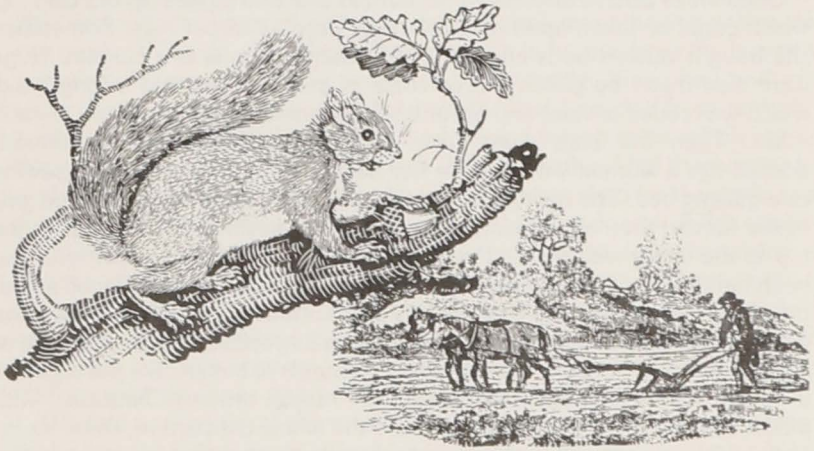
In warm weather flies were always a problem, but in a year or so I put up screens, which helped tremendously, although with the children going in and out so often, numbers of flies were trapped inside. Then Louisa and the girls, with brushes made of paper ribbons cut from old wrapping paper tacked onto pieces of broomstock, would shake the brushes around and drive

them from the house by starting on one side of the room and working toward the doorway. With the windows darkened, most of the flies would fly towards the light outside the door.

All this time, Louisa and the girls had never been idle. From scraps left from sewing, they pieced quilts and comforters for the beds. I had built a set of quilting frames and especially in the winter there was nearly always a quilt or comforter in the frames. Calico was only three cents a yard; cotton batting for filler was ten cents a pound. They also found uses for empty flour sacks and hand towels and dish towels. Wash "rags" and dish "rags" were just that - a tail from an old shirt or the remains of some other garment past wearing. Clothing and other cloth items that were no longer usable in their original form were cut or torn into strips, then sewed end to end and wound into balls, perhaps ten inches in diameter. When enough of these were accumulated they were taken to old Granny McGinnis who wove rag rugs and carpets on her hand loom when she was not laid up with what she called her "rheumatics". The rags for carpeting were woven into strips a yard wide which, when sewn together made a carpet to cover an entire floor. The old lady usually charged five cents a yard to weave these strips.

Sometimes Louisa attended a household sale and picked up old clothing which could be taken apart and dyed and used as carpet rags. Sometimes she bought various odds and ends of household items at a bargain. Rugs were also made by plaiting three strips of carpet rages into a long braid which was coiled around and around so the braids lay flat and close to each other. Then the coils were sewn together with strong linen thread. Sometimes a woman would invite her neighbors in for a carpet-rag sewing or a quilting bee. The quilt patterns had been pieced by the women and girls of the family; then all the ladies would join the quilting, that is, sewing the top to the lining with the cotton batting between. Many quilt patterns had been handed down from generation to generation. There were Jacob's Ladder, Log Cabin, Morning Star, Daisy, and Sunflower, to name a few. The guests were served such homey refreshments as popcorn, ponecakes, tea or coffee, and cake constructed of inch-thick rounds of butter cake put together in layers with some kind of fruit jelly or, maybe around Christmas, with pieces of lemon, orange, or banana, and the whole concoction, some six inches high, covered with meringue. At these gatherings the harmless gossip of the neighborhood flowed in torrent. Recipes and quilt patterns were exchanged and the new and expected babies of the neighborhood were discussed.

After some time, two churches were built in Winslow, served by a Baptist and a Methodist preacher, who came once a month. Occasionally an itinerant evangelist of neither denomination would hold what was called a "protracted meeting" in the schoolhouse. Sermons were usually long and to the point, and many converts were made. The mountain people took their religion seriously, and all beliefs were respected, but if a newcomer declared himself a skeptic in such a way as to be obnoxious, he was somewhat ostracized by other mountaineers, considered a danger to the young people, and treated coolly, to say the least. Thereafter, if he made any comment, whether or not it was about religion, it was generally received by such remarks as "That old infidel, what does he know?" or "He's a fool. Don't the Bible say 'A fool says there is no God?'" And when a bad storm came and the lightning played around over the hills, you tried to avoid the company of the skeptic for fear a bolt intended for him might not quite miss you, too, because you were in such company. Generally, if such a man did not eventually convert to Christianity, he would learn to keep his doubts to himself. But in times of sickness or trouble the neighbors offered aid to him and his family as freely as if he were a member in good standing.



Among the mountain people, doctors were consulted only under the direst circumstances. Commonly, some old granny could provide potions effective for small disorders. From where I lived, the nearest doctor's office was about fifteen miles distant, and since there were no telephones, a trip for a doctor was not undertaken except when someone had broken a bone, contracted typhoid fever, or appeared near death. Typhoid was the one disease most dreaded by the settlers. Little was known about how it spread or how to treat it. Childbirth was an occasion for a midwife, not a doctor. These older women would travel miles on horseback whenever they were summoned, even in the middle of the night. They expected no pay, but nearly always a ham at butchering or a sack of apples at harvest would be left on her doorstep by the grateful parents. These midwives, usually

widows past sixty, were generally referred to as "Granny so-and-so". Usually they led a precarious existence, getting their living by raising a pig or two, keeping a cow and a few chickens, and, perhaps, knitting socks and mittens to trade at the store for the few necessities they could not raise. With the few eggs and handiwork they sold, they eked out a living. If one of them got sick, the neighbors would take turns waiting on them. Ordinarily, though, they were a hardy set, having few complaints. With the dampness and chill of winter, you might see one hobbling around on a cane, but when the spring sun warmed the hills, Granny's rheumatism disappeared and you would see her busy in her garden, the cane laid aside for next winter.

I have tried to give you a picture of the general life style of these simple people whom we learned to love and respect. They were practically illiterate, most knowing how to write only a little, using the simplest words, and to read a little in the newspaper. Sometimes a group would gather at the local store to have the paper read to them, the storekeeper generally being more literate than his customer.

By 1893, our family had grown to seven, with a new baby arriving every two years and received joyfully as a gift from heaven. The older children were big enough to help. Stewart, the oldest, was a good shot with "Old Andy", our muzzle-loading rifle, and could pick a squirrel off the tallest tree with it. Many a meal was built around some kind of game he brought in. He could also pull his end of a crosscut saw through the thickest tree, not leaving most of the pulling to the one on the other end as some boys did. He could handle a yoke of oxen or a team, and he could smooth the face of a railway tie with a broadaxe until one would almost think it had been done with a jack plane.

His three younger brothers were also learning the skills of farming and timber working. Their sisters could sew and cook and keep a house almost as well as their mother. We were very happy in a way of life that nowadays would be considered poverty, and we were gradually laying by a little money for a "rainy day".

Then the bad times began. Suddenly the depression of the early nineties was felt even in our primitive way of life. I could not find any more mason or carpentry work in the vicinity. In fact, no employment of any kind was to be found to supplement our livelihood. We had cleared enough land to raise most of our necessities, but there are always some needs that can be acquired only with cash. And sooner than one would think, our little reserves were badly depleted. Then, in the spring of 1893, the expected rains did not come and later in the summer the winds blowing in from across New Mexico and Oklahoma were so hot that the crops were withered. Fire got started in the dry timber and burned up all the herbage that made pasture for cattle and hogs. Hay brought in on the train from the wild lands of Oklahoma was very high priced. But when the drouth hit those areas too, it went even higher, being scarcer. For lack of feed, people started selling their livestock, which, being on short rations, had become very thin and brought very little when sold to northern buyers at the county seat. A good milk cow might bring ten dollars, a good work hosrse not over fifteen, and hogs too

poor to butcher a dollar or two apiece. Any little pigs had already starved and those that lived until fall would bring fifty cents to a dollar.

For a while people consoled themselves with the belief that the usual fall rains would not fail. So they bought seed and sowed their lands to wheat and rye in the expectation of fall and winter pasture. Sure enough, along in September we had a severe thumderstorm accompanied by perhaps a half inch or more of rain. Encouraged, people told one another that the autumn rains had commenced. Well, though the ground was very hot and dry and the welcome moisture soon evaporated, enough had fallen to sprout the grain, which came up right away. But no more rain fell, and the fall days stayed terribly hot. The springs dried up - a calamity to the mountain people who had few wells. Our spring also dried, but, forseeing that catastrophe, the boys and I dug a well. First we hit a layer of sandstone a few feet below the surface which we blasted through with black powder. We had been told that water could usually be found at twelve or fifteen feet. After several days of digging, we finally came to lose gravel showing signs of moisture, and at about fifteen feet we hit a vein of clear, cool water that came in so rapidly we were satisfied it would supply all the water we needed.

Champion Oil Cans.

45222 Champion Oil Cans, for kerosene or gasoline; made from galvanized iron, with brass faucet, nickel plated and screw top. We can recommend this can, as it is an established fact that galvanized iron is the best material that can be put together to hold kerosene or gasoline. Every can warranted not to leak.
5-gallon, price, each..... ...$0.75

Tin Oil Cans.

45233 One gallon; weight, 1 lb.
Each..... $0.20
Per dozen..... 2.00
45234 Two gallons; weight, 1¾ lbs.
Each..... .30
Per dozen..... 3.25

55673 Footed Crystal Glass Hand Lamp, with patent clinch collar, put on under several hundred pounds pressure; no cement or plaster; can never come off; extra heavy foot; complete with No. 1 Sun burner, chimney and wick. Price. ...$0.25

55687 Non-explosive Hand Lamp, bronze finish. This lamp is absolutely non-explosive; can be carried around without the slightest danger; it gives an excellent light; furnished complete with wick and chimney as shown in cut. Price $0.85

We walled our well up with sand rock, and I bought an iron pulley, a long rope and a bucket to pull the water from the well, since pumps were too expensive to buy. We made a curb about four feet high around the top so that animals like rabbits and rats would not fall into the water, which seemed to be of good quality.

One morning, about a month after we dug the well, Louisa told me that Goldie, our little auburn-haired girl, was sick with a high fever. We thought it was probably some childhood disease like mumps or chicken pox, and not much to be concerned about. Such diseases were not regarded as dangerous enough to require a doctor. They next day Goldie was still very

hot and restless. We were certain she could "break out" soon, and Louisa started giving hot tea and hot soda baths to hasten it. By the third day she was delirious, talking wildly and incoherently. Having never seen a person in this condition, I became alarmed and announced that I was going to Fayetteville for Dr. Clarke, who had the reputation for curing almost anything. Louisa tried to dissuade me from the long trip and the risk of the doctor not being at home, but I had a peculiar foreboding that Goldie needed more help than ordinary home remedies. So I saddled my best horse and headed for the county seat where I found the doctor at home and not on one of his frequent overnight trips to visit a sick patient. He agreed to come, got his horse and buggy ready, and was soon on his way. My horse, not encumbered by a vehicle, soon outdistanced him and we arrived home ahead of him by an hour.

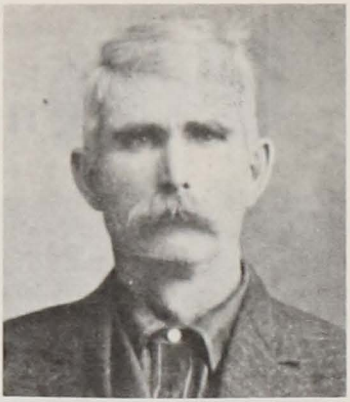
When the doctor arrived he examined the little girl, gravely taking her temperature and pulse and watching her breathing. Anxiously I inquired what was wrong. The doctor questioned us about what she had been eating and whether she had been around children from whom she might have caught some children's ailment. Of course, she had been right at home. The doctor stayed nearly two hours and upon leaving told Louisa to bathe the child in cool water to bring down the fever, left some medicine, and promised to return the next day. When we asked again what was the matter with our child, he said it was too soon to tell - to just give her the medicine every two hours, even at night.

The next day he came early and examined the child again. Finally he told us that he was convinced she had typhoid fever! The delirium, he said, was a result of the high fever that accompanies this disease and sometimes lasts a week or so. He ordered no food but boiled milk. It would be several days before we could expect any improvement. He promised to come every day unless she was worse, in which case he would come when he could, having to visit several other patients suffering from the same scourge. He explained that typhoid was known to be "catching", but that doctors did not yet know the origin of the infection, though it generally appeared during a long dry spell.

Now in a few days our oldest boy took sick with the same symptoms. When the doctor returned to see Goldie, he examined Stewart, announcing that he, too, had the fever. The plague continued to spread among the children until all were in the bed at the same time. For about six weeks all Louisa and I did was nurse our loved ones. Then one morning I woke with a splitting headache and a feeling of utter lassitude. I ate no breakfast but went to do my chores at the barn. Returning to the house on the strength of will power alone, I opened the door and collapsed unconscious on the floor. How Louisa ever got me to bed we never knew. I was a rather heavy man and the care of the children had exhausted her strength. Afterwards, she told me that when I collapsed she thought she could never cope alone with such awesome troubles. Then a verse of Scripture kept recurring in her mind - the beginning of the Hundred and Twenty-First Psalm: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." Following a strange

Winslow Public School, 1898, Teacher Annie Stockburger is standing figure holding school bell at the right. The four Icenogle children in photograph are: In front row on chairs, the fourth child from right is Charity, called "Chat". The tallest boy in the back row is Nathan "Bill" William, with his left arm around brother Raymon. In front of Bill is another brother Winnie "Red". — Identification by Mary Belle Calico of Prairie Grove.

urge, she went outdoors and sat down on the stone doorstep. Sunrise came late this time of year, and as she sat there, suddenly the top of the mountain to the east was ablaze with the glory of the dawn. Then, she said, the next three verses came to her: "My help cometh from the Lord who made Heaven and earth. He will not suffereth thy foot to be moved. He that keepeth thee will not be moved."



John Ed Icenogle, ca 1904

I suppose I was a religious man, and when things were going pretty well I was inclined to be thankful to the Lord, but when troubles came my little faith failed and I sank into a fit of the blues. Louisa's faith was stronger. She told me that she sat there a while, watching the sun come on over the mountain, flood the valley with light, and melt the mists away from the hollows out into little white clouds which floated away with the morning breeze. Then with a prayer of thanks to the Lord for his glorious light, she felt a great renewing of her spirit and a surge of strength to carry on.

On his way home from his first call, the doctor had stopped and told Lige, Louisa's brother, about our trouble, and on his next trip he brought us the news that the sickness had struck that home also; in fact, the doctor himself was worried that he would not be able to care for all the victims of the plague that had invaded many homes in our area and in nearby towns as well.

A few days after Louisa's experience, Stewart began to feel better and could sit up in bed. Then Glorie started to mend, bringing renewed hope to my wife. Indeed, in about three weeks all the family were either up and about or sitting up in bed or in chairs. Stewart now began attending to our few chores and waiting on those that were still sick, but he got around with difficulty as the disease had left him with a limp. Goldie, also, had acquired a sort of twist in her hip, causing her right foot to turn to one side as she walked. These effects of the illness were permanent. Ramon (Raymond), the next to oldest boy, was affected in one leg and got about on crutches. We feared that he, too, would be permanently crippled, but one day he went up on the mountain with his brothers hunting squirrels. When a violent thunderstorm arose, they all started running toward the house, leaving Ramon struggling along in the rear. Frightened, he dropped his crutches, and by sort of hopping along he made it to the house without them. This encouraged him, and in a little while he recovered the full use of his legs.

Eventually all the children were out of their beds. Though I was not bedfast for as many days as the children, I was the last to leave my bed. Louisa never took the fever, and though I was not a deeply religious person before the typhoid episode, I felt the Lord had spared her, knowing how badly she was needed.

Story to be continued in August Flashback.

THE GREAT HORNED OWL

Great horned owl at its favorite perch, Nov. 1924.

An Addition To Dr. Baerg's Story

By Lloyd O. Warren

A recent article on the biography of W.J. Baerg (FLASHBACK 34(2):1-18) revealed some of the major contributions he made to the field of science. He probably was best known for his deliberate testing of the venom of various arthropods on himself. Additionally, he conducted studies on spiders, tarantulas and scorpions which have been reported in various publications elsewhere.

On assuming his position as entomologist at the University of Arkansas, Dr. Baerg was challenged by the opportunity to explore areas of interest not necessarily within the purview of a specialist in entomology but as a "generalist" in the broad field of biology. Besides his involvement in the study of arachnids, he soon developed an interest in the bird life of Arkansas. This was probably due in part to the influence of Arthur A. Allen, former professor of ornithology at Cornell University, where Dr. Baerg obtained his degree. Also, Albert Lano, a blind ornithologist who lived in Fayetteville, challenged Dr. Baerg to learn to identify birds by their song. Administrative recognition of his ornithological skills was achieved when the Dean of the College of Education asked Dr. Baerg to teach a "course in birds" sometime during the early 1920's. He thus became the authority on bird-life of the area and was obliged to provide answers to individuals who sought information concerning birds observed in the field.

Thus it was, that on April 9, 1924, two young boys appeared at Dr. Baerg's office with a young 5-6 week old great horned owl and offered to sell it to him for a dollar and twenty-five cents. This was an opportunity to learn whether the owl could be reared and tamed as a captive bird. Current knowledge, very limited, indicated that the great horned owl was too savage in disposition to handle in captivity. Dr. Baerg chose to challenge the popular concepts of owl's behavior patterns and established a study to observe the young owl's development and behavior under controlled conditions.

At the time of purchase, the bird was still completely covered in down or nesting plumage and stood about seven inches tall when standing erect. The bird showed little fear of Dr. Baerg or anyone else and submitted readily to petting or carrying about. The owl was not content to stay in a cage that was constructed for him but preferred sitting on the corner of a window ledge where it could observe activity outside the building including sports activities on the athletic field nearby.

Feeding habits (or preferences) of the owl were of interest. Dr. Baerg found that raw meat of any kind was acceptable but that chicken heads were a delicacy to the bird. While feeding the owl would assume a possessive role and would exhibit protective behavior if it sensed encroachment toward it.

The owl reached mature size in late fall. Throughout its growth period,

Dr. Baerg kept a photographic record of its growth stages. A photograph of the mature bird, sitting on its favorite site on the window ledge near the end of Dr. Baergs' desk, was used for illustrative purposes in his "Birds of Arkansas" (1931 and 1951 editions) and as a cover on his text book "Elementary Ornithology", which was the text used by his many students in ornithology.

Dr. Baerg kept the owl until early 1925 when he purportedly set the bird free. However, I wonder if he meant that the bird was set free in spirit? My association with Dr. Baerg began in April, 1939. At that time, there was a great horned owl, very well preserved and mounted on a perch, that was located on top of a cabinet in Room 315, Agriculture Building. This was the lecture and laboratory room for classes in entomology for many years. From this perch, one could imagine that the owl was diligently proctoring all exams and class room activities, ready to pounce with its sharp talons onto any errant student that dared to cheat on exams. How long owls live in nature, I don't know, but this owl has persevered through the administrative careers of seven deans and directors and five department heads in the College of Agriculture. It still sits on its perch, a bit dusty to be sure, but continues to cast its yellow orbs over the classroom activities in Agric. 315 B. I'm convinced that this is the owl, and that with care, it will continue to proctor classroom activities for years to come. More significantly, it perhaps is a unique symbol of Dr. Baerg's desire to inspire a desire for knowledge within the hearts and minds of the many students he had throughout his active career as a teacher and a researcher.

Dr. Baerg and great horned owl with mature plumage, November 1924.

EARLY NATURALIZATION IN WASHINGTON COUNTY

(Lois Miller found the following information in the Day Book which covers 1883-1835 in Washington County, pages 147 and 148. If it is not the first naturalization in the county, it is certainly among the very early ones.)

Washington County Court House, County Clerk's Office Fayetteville, Arkansas December Term, 1834 United States of America. In the circuit court of Washington County at its December term held in the Town of Fayetteville in said county in Arkansas Territory on the eighth day of Dec. in the year of our Lord 1834, said court being a court of Record.

To the Honorable Thomas P. Eskridge one of the Judges of the Superior Court of the Territory of Arkansas, now siting in the Circuit Court of Washington County above stated the petition of George Fryschlag a native the county of Frunkendall in Germany respectfully sheweth that your petitioner landed in the United States in the month of May in the year 1833 and has resided more than a year last past in the County of Washington in the Territory of Arkansas and that he hath never borne any hereditary title or been of any of the order of Nobility and if any such by means unexpectedly desend to him he doth absolutely and entirely renounce the same that he hath never been heretofore prescribed or been legally convicted of having joined the army of Great Briton during the late War, that your petitioner is desirious to become a citizen of the United States to enjoy the benefit and protection of the Constitution and laws thereof. Your petitioner prays your Honorable court to be a citizen of the United States upon his complying with the requisites of the act of Congress in such cases made and provided. And your petitioner as in duty bound will ever pray. George Freyschlag

December the ninth 1834 George Freyschlag being duly sworn in open Court according to law doth declare and say that the facts stated in the above petition are true and that he has resided in the County of Washington in The Territory of Arkansas for more than one year last past. That he will support the Constitution of the United States and that he doth absolutely and entirely renounce and abjour all allegiance and fidelity to any fidelity every foreign Prince Potentate State or Sovereignty Paticularly Kingdom (Binun?) in Germany. Sworn and Subscribed to in open court. 9 Dec.1834. George Freyschlag being sworn according to law in the Circuit of Washington County Arkansas Territory doth declare that he was bourn in the year of our Lord 1785 in the County of Frunkendall - in the Kingdom B-?- in Germany whence migrated in the year 1833 and has selected the Territory of Arkansas as his place of settlement and he farther declares that it is bonified his intentions to become a citizen of the United States of American and the Territory of Arkansas and to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign Prince Potentate of Sovereignty whatsoever and particularly to the Kingdom B-?- of Germany of where he is now a subject. George Freyschlag

Sworn to and subscribed in open court the 9th of December 1834.

B.H. Smithson Clerk

HUGH SHELTON, BY FAMILY TRADITION

as told to Susan Shelton McRae

It was a Saturday — March 20, 1868. Hugh was ready to go to town with his father to get the family supplies. It was a time that made him feel grown-up for his eight years. The wagon was hitched with the two big oxen and Farmer Shelton let Hugh do some of the driving, as he loved to call out orders and see the large animals respond. It was quite a drive from Sandy Hill Farm to Russellville, Kentucky, but the day was bright and sunny and the time seemed to fly.

Everything was exciting when they got to Russellville; there was lots of shopping and trading to do. Hugh helped his father load the wagon with supplies and was standing across the street from the court house waiting for the last heavy bags to be loaded. He saw four well-dressed horsemen come riding into town, and as they headed for the bank it crossed Hugh's mind that they must be the rich cattle buyers he had heard folks at the feed store talking about.

Suddenly there were shots from inside the bank and everything was in a state of confusion. Someone shouted that it was Jesse and Frank James and their gang! The leader, who must have been Jesse, noticed the crowd around the court house yard. He turned his horse, aimed his gun and shot a hole right through the weather vane topping the court house roof. There was a loud clang of metal and the vane spun around so fast you could not even make out the shape of the fish! Then they were gone.

The sheriff shouted to form a posse — the bank president had been shot, and no one wanted the James gang to get away with all the money in the bank.

Hugh's father hustled Hugh into their wagon and they started off in the opposite direction taken by the bank robbers. Around them it seemed that no one knew what they were doing, but men were getting guns from their desks and from the sheriff's office, and mounting their horses for a long chase. Hugh could not wait to get home and tell his mother, brothers, and sisters of all the excitement. Imagine seeing the famous Jesse James, and watching him shoot a hole right in the middle of the weather vane!

Later the family heard that one of the robbers was caught, and that the bank president would be all right. He would, however, carry the bullet in his leg for the rest of his life, and the money was never recovered. The weather vane, with its bullet hole, still tops the Russellville, Kentucky court house.

Hugh Shelton was my grandfather. Years later, when he told the story to me, his eyes would sparkle and he would seem to be seeing it all happen again. This is one of the many stories he told me which made me wish to go to Kentucky and see all the places he had mentioned. In 1982 I was able to make the pilgrimage to Russellville, Hopkinsville, Elkton, and Keedron — I even saw the court house (which had been refurbished) and the fish-shaped

weather vane.

In 1878, Hugh Shelton was 19 years old, and there was a great depression. Although he was excited about the trip he was to take, and pleased that his father had put so much trust in him, he hesitated to leave the beautiful country that had been his home all his life. Also, he hated to leave Kate Starling whom he had just gotton to know and with whom he did not feel so shy. However, Thomas Shelton felt that there would be better opportunities for the entire family in the West, and he was sending Hugh to look it over.

Hugh's mother, Delila Ann, had made him a "tick" mattress cover to roll up behind his saddle. Stuffed with some fresh hay, it made quite a comfortable bed. Of course she had also fixed some food for him to take along, and his clothes were all rolled tightly behind the saddle. Thompson gave his son the money he felt he would need and sent him off with pride, trusting his judgment. And so Hugh Shelton left Kentucky, not to return until 1945.

It was a long trip from Russellville, across Tennessee and almost all of Arkansas, to the bustling town of Fayetteville. There was much to see and many people to talk to along the way. Each afternoon, as the day was almost over, Hugh would look for a farm house. Most farm families were friendly and happy to have a young man stop for the night. They would either let him have a pallet on the floor in the "sitting room" or make him a place in the loft of the barn. The next morning, after a good breakfast, sometimes paid for by cutting some wood or doing other chores, Hugh would push his horse on to make as much distance as possible.

Finally, Hugh arrived in the town of Fayetteville, Arkansas. The countryside looked much like that around Russellville, and the town was pretty well established, already about 50 years old. There were many houses to look at and bargain for, but after much deliberation, Hugh chose a house for the Shelton family. It was at 420 Rebecca Street, large enough for a family ranging from the older girl, Mary, who was 23, to little Tom, who was only two.

He wrote his father and mother that he had accomplished his mission, that the area around Fayetteville reminded him of home and he felt the family would not miss Kentucky so much in a place that looked like home. Also, the ground seemed as though it would grown peaches just as well as the Sandy Hill farm where his father had grown prize-winning fruit.

Then it was up to the rest of the family to load the wagon with all their household goods, including his mother's rocking chair, and that tall glass cake plate that had held so many goodies when he was a boy. Delila packed some of the Madonna lily bulbs carefully in her sewing basket, planning to plant them at her new home. The silver trophy Thompson had won for his peaches was also carefully packed. The oxen were hitched, and the family followed the same trail Hugh had just ridden. Later, more of the family would come — Byron, the oldest, and his new bride Mary.

Hugh Kingston Shelton came to Fayetteville in 1878 and lived in this area until 1953. He was the father of Thayer Ewing Shelton and Mrs. Lytton Reagan. Thayer Ewing Shelton was my grandfather and the grandfather of several other members of the Washington County Historical Society.

ADDENDA TO THE

By Dorothy Ware Wilson

In the November 1984 FLASHBACK, the William Sherrod family was traced in detail. Following is a brief outline of the family of Arthur Sherrod, Will Sherrod's brother.

Arthur was born 1795 in Northampton, NC, and died 30 January 1873 in Benton County, Arkansas. He married (1st) July 1816 Hickman County, TN Susan Ewing, born 1796 in SC. She was the mother of his children and died in Arkansas by 1865. He married (2nd) Elizabeth F. Hedges McCall, widow of James McCall on 2 October 1865 in Benton County, AR.

The children of Arthur and Susan Sherrod were:

1. William Henry Sherrod, b. 1821 TN, m. ca 1843 Eleanor Fitzgerald, daughter of John and Mary Fitzgerald.
2. Mary Ellen Sherrod, b. 27 January 1823 TN, d. 29 November 1902, m. Simon Peter Banks, son of Thomas Baxter and Susan Jarvis Banks.
3. Sarah Sherrod, b. 16 November 1825 TN, d. 27 August 1860 Benton County, AR, m. Jabez B. Banks (brother of Simon). He 2nd m. Elizabeth Gamble, and 3rd Mrs. Sarah Pollock Funk.
4. Catherine F. Sherrod, b. ca 1826-8 TN, d. by 1878 in AR, m. ca 1844 Andrew Jackson Fitzgerald (brother of Eleanor). He 2nd m. Mary Gamble.
5. Martha Sherrod, b. 1829 TN, m. ca 1847 Hilkiah Preston Banks (brother of Simon and Jabez).
6. Rowena Sherrod, b. 1832 IL, unmarried in 1860.
7. Samuel P. Sherrod, b. 1834, m. 10 August 1854, Washington County, AR to Ursula Gamble, daughter of Francis Gamble. Ursula's obituary from Springdale News: "Mrs. Ursula Sherrod died 12 August 1887 at the home of Henry Baggett. She had been visiting in Texas nine months and came home Wednesday. She had bought some quinine and stored it in the back of the clock. Friday morning she was not feeling well and took a dose from a bottle of strychnine, also stored in the clock. Dr. Young was sent for but she was dead before he came. She was a sister-in-law of Uncle Jabez Banks."

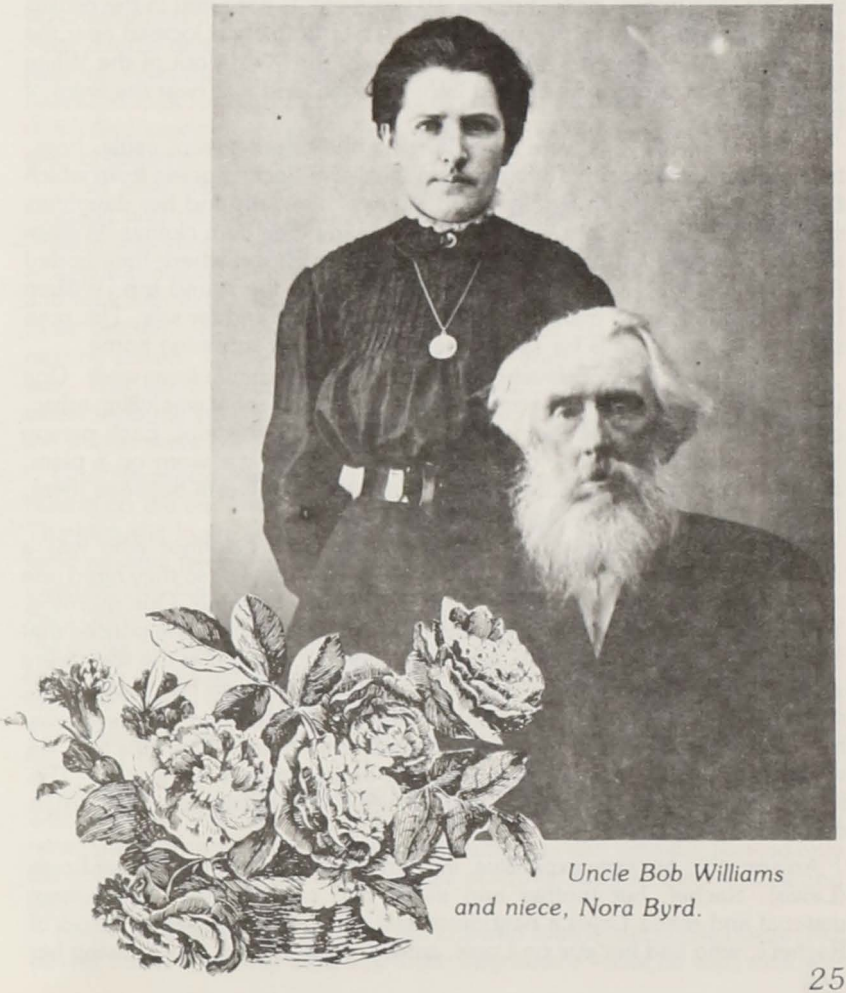
   The Sherrod post office was established 12 September 1840 in Benton County, Arthur Sherrod, postmaster.

Virgil Talbot has published THE GOINGSNAKE MARRIAGES 1869-1910, listing many marriages between Washington County and Cherokee Nation residents. The book may be ordered from GDHA, Box 180, Westville, OK 74965 and costs $7.00 postpaid.

WILLIAM SHERROD STORY

By Lloyd O. Warren

This article included the names of many individuals who are descendants of Rial Williams who settled in this area about 1828, and the information in the Sherrod history was helpful in confirming traditional stories such as the death of Moses Williams which I heard about as a young child from my great-grandmother, Molly Phillips Gilliland, a niece of Moses. Among family papers, a picture of Uncle Bob Williams and of Nora Byrd, niece of Uncle Bob Williams, has passed into my hands. Bob was a son of Rial Williams and a brother to Moses and to Lucinda Williams (my great-great-grandmother). This is that photo.



Uncle Bob Williams and niece, Nora Byrd.

TALES AND STORIES OF THE KELLEYS

as told by Rachel Em Kelley McKee
and edited by Pat Kelley

William Kelley (see genealogy which follows) was born in Virginia, 23 December, 1801. His wife, Elizabeth Ramey, was born in Kentucky, 21 April 1801 or 1811. They were the parents of fourteen children. In 1837 they moved to Sciota, Ohio, there having three children: Lewis, Thomas, and Rachel Em.

In 1850 they lived in Washington County, Arkansas (Dwelling 37, West Fork Township), with nine children. One son, Samuel, was married and living in his own home. Son Thomas, 10 years old, is not listed in the census and three other children were born later. Their home was located near the junction of two streams. One may have been the West Fork of the White River. Their post office was called "Whitewright" and was near the town of Prairie Grove.

William and his sons were stock farmers and raised sheep, cattle, hogs, tobacco and small grain. They also had their own flock of geese from which they plucked the down for beds and pillows. Elizabeth and her daughters carded wool, wove it into yard goods and made their own clothes. William and the boys hauled hides by ox wagon to Van Buren where they traded them for tanned leather. It took a week to make the round trip. William hired a shoemaker to make shoes for his own family and for sale. This man stayed with the Kelleys for seven years without ever returning home.

The Kelleys were not slaveholders and did all their own farm work. One of the field chores which was especially detested by Rachel was killing tobacco worms. The method they used was extremely distasteful. Each person had two wooden paddles, one in each hand. Finding a worn on a plant, they brought the two paddles together, mashing the worm between them. Needless to say, it was a very messy job.

One of Rachel's earliest memories concerned a neighbor who was a slaveholder. Rachel's mother Elizabeth was a semi-invalid, so they hired one of this neighbor's woman slaves to do their family washing. One morning, after the woman had arrived and started the washing, someone noticed that her dress was wet and bloody across the shoulders, and that the tears were streaming down her cheeks. When asked "What on earth has happened?" she replied, "Oh, Massa done sold my little red-headed boy, an' he knows he's his own child. When I cried and begged him not to sell my little boy, he whupped me with his ridin' crop and then he poured salt in the cuts." The Kelley women washed her back and rubbed it with tallow and she insisted on finishing the wash.

An amusing, but very expensive, incident involved Rachel's brother Louis (Lewis). Rachel, her mother and sister, had carded, spun and woven material and made Louis a new dress suit. One afternoon, a girl friend of Rachel's, who had her eye on Louis, came to visit. Rachel was showing her

the suit they had just finished, which Louis had never worn. Suddenly the girl said, "I'm going to put his suit on and go show it to him." Rachel begged her not to, but she quickly undressed, put the suit on, and went to the stock pens where Louis was working. When he saw her he refused to speak or make any comment. She went to the house, changed clothes, and went home. Louis refused ever to wear the suit! Such a waste, all for the foolishness of a girl!

Then came "The War Between the States"--that awful bloody war which pitted friend against friend, neighbor against neighbor, and brother against brother. The Kelleys were no exception: two of the brothers fought for the Union and two for the Confederates. However, we have no record as to which fought for which army.

There was a battle fought near the Kelley home, near enough that the reverbersations from the cannons rattled windows in the house. Owen had been almost deaf all of his life and these reverberations brought back his hearing. After the battle was over, Rachel and Owen went out into the battlefield to look for family or friend who had been wounded or killed. They didn't find anyone they knew, so presumed it was companies from another area engaged in the battle.

Soon after this, a band of bushwhackers (renegades) came through, pillaging and destorying, and attacked the Kelley home. In defending it, William was shot through the hand. In a few days it had become infected and he was afraid of blood poisoning. A company of Union soldiers came by and took him to their camp to a doctor. They also took Owen, presumably to be drafted. This was near the end of the war, so he would have been nearing fifteen. Neither William nor Owen returned home until after the war. This left the semi-invalid Elizabeth with 21-year-old Rachel as the oldest, and the smaller children, with no man for protection, as so many of the homes were left in that grievous war.

One afternoon Rachel was in the "loom room" weaving, her mother resting on the bed, and the younger children going about their daily tasks. Thinking she heard voices near the corner of the house, Rachel went to a window and peered out. Bushwhackers were setting fire to the house! Rushing into her mother's room, and calling to the other children to help, they carried their mother, her bedding, and a few other items, and fled to the goose house. Hastily depositing what she carried, Rachel ran back to the house to try to get some other things. William had a trunk full of Confederate money which she hoped to get. As she neared the house, one of the renegades said, "You go back in there, you son-of-a-bitch, and we'll burn you, too!"

Needless to say, she did not go in, but returned to the goose house to give what comfort and aid she could to her mother and the children. The renegades burned the house, barn, smokehouse, and granary, leaving only the goose house unharmed. They stole or drove away all the livestock and poultry.

For several days, Elizabeth and her children lived in the goose house. Not having had a chance to save any food, they had to make do with what was

at hand. Rachel and the older children scooped up dirt from the smokehouse floor, boiled it in water, in the wash pot, and when cool skimmed off the grease. Then gathering some of the grain that wasn't too badly burned from the burned granary, they made a fairly edible gruel by cooking the grain with water and the grease for flavoring. They also made "coffee" from the roasted grain.

After several days, another Union troop came by and took them all up into Missouri. Whether or not they ever returned to Arkansas, we have no record. The next record we have is of the marriage of Rachel Em Kelley to James McKee, 26 October 1865, North Salem, Linn County, Missouri. The youngest of William Kelley's children married a Mitchell and lived near Prairie Grove, AR in the early 1900s.

(The above narration was sent to me by Geneva Olene McKee Younger, granddaughter of Rachel Em Kelley McKee. Below are some to her letters to me, the first in answer to a question about Rachel Kelley's religion.)

Yes, Grandma Rachel (on the 1850 census it is spelled Rachael, also) was a protestant, Methodist, until she was 80, then joined the Baptists. She evidently had been given her mother's and father's Bible because she asked to have "the Kelley Bible" and her own Bible buried with her, which was done.

Grandma said her mother, Elizabeth Remey/Ramey, was French. We spelled it Ramey, just from sound, as we had no record of how it was spelled. I have corresponded, off and on, with a Roy Ramey in Mexico, MO. He says the name was originally Rhemy, and French. He thinks he may have found Elizabeth's grandparents in Floyd County, KY, but can't determine which of their children is her parent.

I don't know where William Kelley's parents were from, but Grandma said she was Irish and French. As the Remeys were supposedly French, the the Kelleys must have been Irish.

Grandma evidently named most of her grandchildren for the Kelleys. I find several of the same names in the different families, including yours.

I have a picture of Grandma Rachel and James after they separated. They never were divorced, but in 1895 he saddled his horse and left, leaving the farm to Grandma and my 19-year-old father. From then on, Grandpa lived mostly with his daughter, Lizzie,

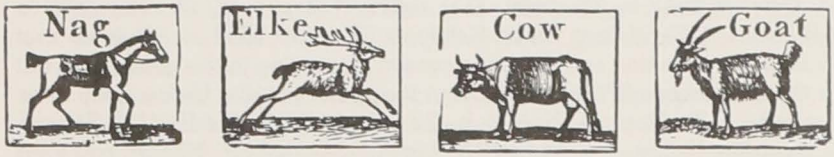
sometimes with his other son, Homer. When Grandma would go to stay with either of those children, usually at childbirth time, Grandpa would come to visit my parents. But they were rarely in the same house. Grandma was a midwife and what is now called a herbalist. She delivered a lot of babies, most of her grandchildren, and would then stay with the family for at least two weeks and do all the housework, as well as taking care of the mother and baby.

Genealogy of the Kelleys

William Kelley, b. 23 December 1801 in VA, d. 6 July 1874, married 19 July 1827 Elizabeth Ramey (b. 21 Apr. 1811 in KY, d. 5 October 1874). Their children were: (1) Samuel H. Kelley, b. 4 June 1828 in KY; d. 17 March 1898, married 30 January 1848 Julia Ann Oliver in Washington County, AR. (2) James F. Kelley, b. 22 July 1830 in KY, death date unknown, married 29 August 1852 Elizabeth Adkins in Washington County, AR. (3) Mary An Kelley, b. 17 July 1832 in KY, d. 10 June 1903 at Brentwood, Washington County, AR, married 4 November 1858 Jacob Bradshaw in Washington County, AR. (4) John Roy Kelley, b. 1 June 1834 in Floyd County, KY, d. 13 February 1909 at Stilwell, Adair County, OK, married 23 August 1855 Cyrena Chandler in Washington County, AR. (5) Margaret C. Kelley, b. 19 September 1836 in KY, death date unknown, married 7 April 1857 to John W. Parker in Washington County, AR. (6) Lewis D. Kelley, b. 11 September 1838 in Sciota, OH. (7) Thomas Kelley, b. 15 September 1840 in OH. (8) Rachel Em Kelley, b. 28 May 1843 in Sciota County, OH, d. 19 January 1924 in Drew Lynn County, TX, married 26 October 1865 James Jackson McKee in North Salem, Linn County, MO. (9) Joseph T. Kelley, b. 3 April 1846 in AR. (10) Elizabeth Kelley, b. 20 October 1848 in AR (twin). (11) Telitha Kelley, b. 20 October 1848 in AR (twin). (12) William Owen Kelley, b. 21 April 1851 in AR (note that William Owen is one and the same person, according to this genealogy, but in the story above William *and* Owen were taken by the Union army to be drafted.) (13) Alace R. Kelley, b. 22 March 1853 in AR. (14) Sarepta Clementine Kelley, b. 2 August 1857 in AR, married Mr. Mitchell and lived near Prairie Grove, AR.

John Roy Kelley, the fourth child of William and Elizabeth Kelley was born 1 June 1834 in Floyd County, KY, d. 17 February 1909 in Stilwell, Adair County, OK, was married 23 August 1855 to Cyrena Chandler in Washington County, AR. She was born 8 February 1839 in Arkansas and died 14 March 1923 at Stilwell. Their children were: (1) George W. Kelley, b. 7 June 1856 in Washington County, AR, d. 16 February 1857 in Washington County, AR, buried at the White House cemetery. (2) Sarah Emeline Kelley, b. 20 May 1858 in Washington County, AR, d. 25 October 1894 in Cincinnati, AR, buried at Union cemetery in Cincinnati, married 12 September 1885 to Loren Philemon Guthrie. (3) Susan C. Kelley, b. 13 June 1860 in Washington County, AR, d. 7 December 1943, buried in Brentwood cemetery, Washington County, AR, married 27 September 1879 to George W. Mills. (4) James William Kelley, b. 2 May 1862 in Linn County, MO, d. 8 November 1923 in Stilwell, Adair County, OK buried

New Hope cemetery at Stilwell, married 22 July 1883 to Sarah Ann Guthrie (she was a sister to Loren Philemon Guthrie who married Sarah E. Kelley). (5) Joseph Henry Kelley, b. 29 June 1864 in Linn County, MO, d. 30 December 1941 in Stilwell, Adair County, OK, married 22 December 1887 to Uzella Sikes. (6) W. T. Sherman Kelley, b. 12 September 1866 in Putnam, MO, d. 15 May 1929 in Springfield, MO, buried in Greenlawn cemetery in Springfield, MO, married (1st) Lydia M. Ramey on 30 August 1888, married (2nd) Pearl, married (3rd) Mary McNeir. (7)David Owen Kelley, b. 25 May 1869 in Brentwood, Washington County, AR, d. 15 September 1928 in Stilwell, Adair County, OK, buried New Hope cemetery in Stilwell, married 4 August 1894 to Mary Jane Hughes. (8) Jeremiah Thomas Kelley, b. 8 December 1871 in Brentwood, Washington County, AR, d. 22 January 1840 in Stilwell, Adair County, OK, buried New Hope cemetery, Stilwell, married 19 August 1894 to Nancy Ann Keys. (9) Lewis Franklin Kelley, b. 8 May 1874 in Brentwood, Washington County, AR, d. 27 December 1942 in Los Angeles, CA, buried Inglewood Park Cemetery, Inglewood, CA, married (1st) 18 December 1896 to Canzada Hutchens, married (2nd) Minnie Mae Hutchens, married (3rd) Roberta (last name unknown). (10) Nora Nevada Kelley, b. 5 May 1877 at Washington County, AR, d. 5 January 1969 in Stilwell, Adair County, OK, buried New Hope cemetery, Stilwell, married 28 December 1893 to Lafayette Brashears. (11) Viola E. Kelley, b. 8 February 1880 in Washington County, AR, d. 29 October 1944 Fayetteville, AR, married 3 July 1899 to Andrew Combs.(12) Lincoln Evert Kelley, b. 31 December 1883 in Washington County, AR, d. 15 September 1964 in Muskogee, OK, buried Memorial Cemetery in Muskogee, married 10 September 1904 to Pearl Helen Lehn.



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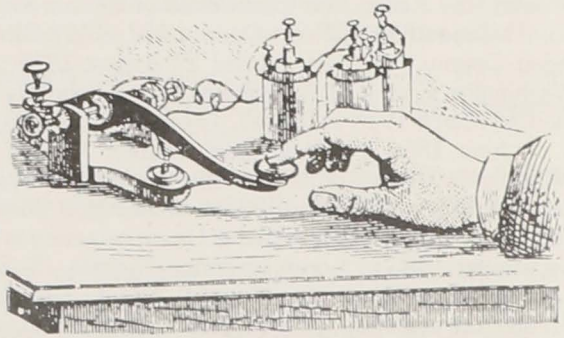


When the Memory goes - Forget it!

QUERIES

Mrs. N. W. Prine, 1554 St. Charles, Springfield, MO 65804: Please note that I am researching the CLIMER and SPENCER families, among others. The 1984 Membership issue erred in spelling of these names. My ancestors in Washington County, Arkansas were Owen and Elizabeth (STRICKLER) RAMEY, James Marion and Charity (MILLS) Ramey; August L. and Charity "Ellen" (Ramey) PIEL were my grandparents, who lived near Winslow. The elder Ramey families lived near West Fork and Brentwood.

Cleora Jensen, 1119 Rd. L. L., Fowler, CO 81039 would like to correspond with anyone related to Henry LEWIS, b. 1822-24 in Floyd County, KY, married Mary Elizabeth MASSEY, b. 1829 in Indiana. They were in Washington County, White River Twp. in 1860 census, with children Matthew, b. 1848 in AR; Mary Jane, b. 1849 (married William SPRINGSTON); Nathan, b. 1852; Brackin, b. 1854; Edy, b. 1856 (married William Orrick SHANNON 31 August 1873); Sarah, b. 1859 (married Joseph TERHUNE September 20, 1876.)

Betty C. Gill, 2321 Felicia Avenue, Rowland Hts., CA 91748 needs information on the WILLIAMS family of Fayetteville—any information on any of the following persons who resided in Fayetteville from 1909 until 1937 or so. James Monroe Williams, Millie Jane (Reams) Williams, Albert Monroe Williams, Jennie Alice Williams, Jessie Thomas Williams, Mary Ethel Williams, Gladys Hazel Williams, Edith Williams, Myrtle Agnes Williams. I already have birth dates and some death dates, but would like contact with any person who might be researching any of the above. I am the granddaughter of James Monroe and Millie Jane Williams. My grandfather built our home at 515 Church Street in Fayetteville, probably in 20's , where I was born and lived until I was 5 years old. If anyone has any land records I would be interested. Last October I visited Fayetteville and was able to walk through the house, through the kindness of the lady who resides there now. She said another person, a man, had been there a few weeks before, evidently a first cousin of mine, for he stated his grandfather had built the house. Hopefully, he or someone else will respond. Where is James Monroe Williams buried? He was b. 3 January 1866, d. 14 October 1926 in Fayetteville. He was born in Izard or Independent County in Arkansas and married to Millie Jane Reams at Hot Springs, Garland County, Arkansas 30 March 1892. I am most interested in learning about the property he built, the time, expense, whatever records might be available.

Pat Kelley, 1036 Bel Aire Court, Fircrest, WA 98466 is interested in having information on the following families: William KELLEY, Samuel H. Kelley, James H. Kelley, Maryan BRADSHAW, Margaret PARKER, and Clementine MITCHELL.

Martha Schunke Lynch, 7516 Stewart Road, Galveston, TX 77551 needs to contact anyone researching Ratliff surname for Washington and Crawford counties, AR prior to 1855. Ratliffs moved to area about 1825 and removed themselves by 1855. Especially need marriage records or any family Bible records for Job and Agnes Ratliff and James B. and Catherine Ratliff.

TWO FAMILY HISTORIES

Part II The Cardwells

By Robert Plumlee

CARDWELL IS A VERY OLD ENGLIGH NAME. A William de Cardevile was living in County Wilshire in 1273. This surname seems to be of Norman extraction. Thomas Cardwell emigrated from London to Virginia in the early years. As in many English families, the names Richard, Thomas, and William were used in all generations. This story is concerned primarily with Richard Wilson Cardwell and-family, who migrated to Washington County, Arkansas in 1830s. Richard W. Cardwell was a Methodist minister; the Cardwells have long been Methodists, meeting in homes in Virginia when the required religion was Church of England. In August of 1892, Mary B., daughter of the Rev. Richard W. Cardwell m. Wilson J. Cage in Bedford County, TN. In March of 1832, John B. Cardwell m. (also in Bedford County, TN) Elizabeth Taylor.

Richard Wilson Cardwell was b. 28 September 1785 in VA, son of Thomas and Mary Cardwell. They moved before 1800 to Granville County, NC, where Thomas left a will dated May 3, 1799 and proven May term of court 1800. Children named Leonard, Thomas, William, John and on through the last (but not named). In December 1865 Court Case #147, NC Supreme Court of NC, was filed. Cardwell heirs v. Brodie. Named were Mary Cardwell, executrix of Thomas, sons Leonard and Thomas Cardwell appointed guardians of the said infants (under age 21) that are represented to us William John, Wilson (this is our Richard Wilson Cardwell), Caleb, Anderson, Dudley, Nelson, Mary, Sally and Nancy Cardwell. A number of pages in this case were recorded in NC, but we are interested only in finding parents of Richard Wilson Cardwell at this time. An interesting marriage bond follows:

State of North Carolina
Granville County
Know all men by these presents. That we Richard Wilson Cardwell and Isaac Bradley are held and firmly bound to Nath. Alexander Governor, or his successors in office, in the full sum of five hundred pounds, current money to be paid to the said Governor, his successors or assigns, for which payment well and truly to be made and done, we bind ourselves, our Heirs, Executors and administrators jointly and severally. Firmly by these presents stated with our Seal and dated this 2nd day of December AD 1806.

The condition of the above obligation is such, that where as the above bound Richard W. Cardwell hath made application for a License for a marriage to be celebrated between him and Peggy Loyd of the county aforesaid: Now, in the case it shall not appear hereafter that there is any lawful cause or impediment to obstruct the said marriage, then the above obligation to be void, otherwise to remain in full force and virtue.

Richard W. Cardwell (seal)
Isaac Bradley (seal)

Signed, Sealed and delivered in Presence of A.H. Sneed.

Richard W. and Margaret (Peggy) Cardwell apparently moved to TN following the marriage as their first child, born ca 1808, was born there. The 1830 census finds them in Bedford County, TN where at least part of the children married. Known children:

1. Margaret Cardwell, b. 1808, m. John Trammell. They removed to Pettis County MO before going on to join the family of Richard, her father in Washington County, AR, living there in the 1850 Census, in Richland township.

Family No. 9

John Trammell	46	m	KY	Jarrett	9	m	AR
Martha (2nd wife)	42	f	MO	Matilda	4	f	AR
Fields	21	m	MO	Hannah	2	f	AR
Sarah	17	f	MO	Louiza	11/12	f	AR
Margaret	11	f	AR	George Wilson	18	m	TN
Martha	9	f	AR	Mary	16	f	AR
Joshua Witherspoon	12	m	AR				

These are the only marriages we have on these children: Matilda Trammell m. 1861 Joseph Smith, Jarrett Trammell m. 1867 Mary Magness dau. of Merdith and Mary Magness.

2. Mary B. Cardwell, b. ca 1810 TN, m. Wilson J. Cage 1850 Washington County, AR census Prairie Twp.

Wilson J. Cage	45	m	TN	Richard	11	m	AR
Mary	40	f	TN	John	5	m	AR
Alva	19	m	TN	James	2	m	AR
Edward	17	m	TN				

Nothing more is known

3. Hosea Green Cardwell, b. ca 1812 TN, m. Rachel ---, not known if they m. in Bedford County, TN or Washington County, AR.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South formed about 1834-35 at the home of Lodowic Brodie in Fayetteville. Membership at that time included Mr. and Mrs. Hosea Cardwell. That helps to determine the time of their move from TN to AR. The family of Richard W. Cardwell perhaps migrated with them ca 1834. In the same story in *One Hundred Years of Fayetteville* by Campbell Richard W. Cardwell is listed as one of the early ministers of Washington Circuit (this was Fayetteville) prior to 1841. Hosea had built a home in 1830s in Fayetteville where Price Poultry stood in 1928. In a deed dated 13 March 1844 Richard W. Cardwell and wife Margaret, Hosea G.

Cardwell and wife Rachel sold eight acres, two rods and 26 poles to the Methodist Church for the purpose of building a place of worship. This land was located in Section 25 Twp 17 north of Range 30 west. It was taken from the 440 acres that Richard and Hosea owned jointly. A church was built and later called Gehring's Chapel, named in honor of an early day Methodist Minister, Hiram Gehring. Youngsters at the time attended school at the same place. In the deed, trustees' named are L. Brodie, Aritem Sherrod, Wilson D. Heart, Thomas Banks and Jerimah Sutton.

A cemetery on the Cardwell farm had been used earlier, and at least two or three Cardwell children were buried there, as was Samuel Gregg who was written of in Part I of this history. Delaney Gregg was a granddaughter of Samuel and was at this time married to William H. Cardwell. A survey of this 8 acres-plus was made in 1841. The land was sold for $20 specie (gold?). A later deed, November 16, 1850, sold the remainder of the 440 acres to William Cobb and stated that all except nine acres deeded to the Methodist Church were included. Richard W. Cardwell, in the Fayetteville District Conference was appointed to the Huntsville church November 4, 1840 "on trial". He continued the next year, then was appointed to Washington (now Fayetteville) district. He was discontinued November 15, 1842 at the Conference meeting. Tradition in the family has it that he was a "circuit riding Preacher", or preaching where needed throughout the circuit.

In the 1850 census for Prairie Township were listed:

#20 Methodist Episcopal Minister

Richard Cardwell	65	m	VA	Richard	5	m	AR
Margaret	59	f	NC	Mary	3	f	AR
Virginia Pleasants	23	f	TN	Margaret	1	f	AR

Some neighbors were: Nelson Hewitt, Daniel Williford, William Skelton, Joseph Appleby, and Richard Phelan, to mention a few. In 1850 this was north of Fayetteville, now well within the city and with many business buildings. Not many people, other than descendants from "old timers", know of Gehrings Chapel Church and cemetery.

Continuing with Hosea G. Cardwell, he appears in the city of Fayetteville 1850 census:

#46 Hosea G. Cardwell	39	m	TN	Carpenter
Rachel	35	f	TN	
James	9	m	AR	Student
Malvina	7	f	AR	Student
Clenora	5	f	AR	
Charles Davenport	35	m	PA	Clerk
Melvina Davenport	27	f	TN	
Amanda Bostich	18	f	MO	Student

#38 was the famous Sophia Sawyer with one other teacher and thirteen live-in students.

#43 was William C. Roberts, Constable, and family.
#51 was Jonas M. Tebbetts, well known lawyer.
In Fayetteville, 1870 census:

Hosea G. Cardwell	70	m	TN
Rachel	63	f	TN
Nora	13	f	AR granddaughter
Rachel	10	f	AR granddaughter

On October 1, 1885, Nora Cardwell married A.S. Gregg, M.D. Hosea G. Cardwell died 1887, his wife Rachel died 1889. Both are buried in Gehrings Chapel Cemetery. Rachel Cardwell made a will in Fayetteville April 21, 1896, in which her daughter Ella Oliver received land; son William C., $400; daughter Melvina Bell Lipe, $100; four grandchildren, heirs of James Cardwell deceased, each $1 - Mrs. Nora Gregg, Mrs. Rachel Hicks, Robert Cardwell, and Fairy Cardwell. This will was executed November 16, 1900.

I, Richard W. Cardwell of the County of Washington in the State of Arkansas do make this my last will and testament. 1st I desire that all my just debts be paid, that I have a decent interment after death, and that all my funeral expences be fully paid off and discharged.

2nd Should I depart this life before my beloved wife, Margaret Cardwell, I give and bequeath to her, my wife, during her natural life all the property real, personal and mixed, all monies on hand, debts and those inactive that I may have or in any way be entitled to at the time of my death, She to receive the same during her life. 3rd After my death and that of my beloved wife, I give and bequeath to the heirs of my son John Cardwell now deceased the sum of one dollar.

4th I give and bequeath to my daughters Mary Cage and Marth Williford the sum of one dollar each.

5th I give and bequeath to my son William Cardwell and my daughter Margaret Trammell (note: Margaret was deceased earlier) the sum of one dollar each.

6th I will and bequeath to the heirs of my daughter Virginia Denny the sum of one dollar: all of which sums and legacies I desire to be paid out of the first monies collected or realized by my executor herein after named, after the death of myself and beloved wife.

7th I give and bequeath to my son Richard Cardwell the sum of one dollar which sum is to be paid within one year after the death of myself and beloved wife, by executive herein after named.

8th After my death and that of my beloved wife Margaret Cardwell and after our funeral expenses are paid and fully satisfied and all the legacies herein before mentioned are fully paid and satisfied that the residue and remainder of my property of any and every description whatsoever, I will and bequeath to my son Hosea G. Cardwell on the condition he supports, maintains and takes care of me and my dear wife during the remainder of our lives, and should he be prevented or fail to do it, it is my will that he be fully paid for all the trouble and expense care and attention

heretofore given or conferred or that he may hereafter give or confer. And I further will that should I or my beloved wife receive care and attention and support from any other child herein before named that they be paid a reasonable compensation out of my said estate for such trouble and expense.

9th I hereby appoint Hozey G. Cardwell my executor to carry out this my last will and testament. Hereby revoking all former wills by me made. In testamony whereof I have hereunto set my hand this 4th day of February A.D. 1871.

Richard W. Cardwell
X His mark

Signed and declared by the above named Richard W. Cardwell to be his last will and testament in the presence of us, who at his request and in his presence have subscribed our names as witnesses thereto this February 4th 1871.

Thomas M. Hunter
Belle Manuel

Belle Manuel was the daughter of Hosea, granddaughter of Richard W. Cardwell. Richard Cardwell was age 85 at the making of this will. Many times previously throughout his life he had signed his name with a very nice hand. May 19, 1872, Richard died and is buried in Gehrings Chapel Cemetery.

From the *Fayetteville Weekly Democrat*, May 25, 1872: "Died on Sunday the 19th at the residence of Hosea Cardwell, near this City, Rev. Richard W. Cardwell, in the 87th year of his age. The deceased was among the first settlers of this County."

Dates on the monument are not legible at this time but it was inventoried by me in the 1950s. His wife Margaret's name was not added to the monument at her death. Family tradition has it that the cemetery receiving the name Gehring's Chapel from an early church by that name nearby - yes, it was Methodist. Many of the members were from the Cardwell family. Some of the members later formed another Methodist church at Zion, a few miles northeast. Zion Methodist Church was organized in 1857 by Rev. John S. McCarven with the following members: Richard W. Cardwell, Class leader Mary L. Cardwell (this would be Richard, Jr. and wife), William H. Cardwell, D. (Delaney) Cardwell, Jane C. Ford, Ammilla Ford, W.H. Eidson, Susan Eidson, Wilson Cage, Mary B. Cage, David Williford, and Martha Williford. The first building was erected in 1857. It is a frame house valued at $500. Pastors since that time have been: Josiah A. Williams, Thomas Stanford, J. Banks, J.W. Shook, M. Granade, William Mathis, E.C. Dawn, J.M. Clayton, T. Wainwright, James A. Walden, T.J. Smith, J.J. Roberts, J.F. Hall, David Sturdy, James A. Anderson and William Mathews. At the present time they have 50 members. (This from Goodspeed's *History of Northwest Arkansas.*)

Previously, others from the early Gehrings built another church, and it became what is now Central Methodist. These members included the

Brodies, the Hosea Cardwell family and others. The third session of the Arkansas Conference was held at Washington, AR 1838. The Fayetteville circuit was formed the same year. This Circuit also embraces the work among the Cherokees and Creeks. The 1840 session was held at Little Rock. B.F. Harris, E.E. Bryson, Green Woods, and R.W. Cardwell were received on trial. We drew once more on Tennesses Conference for transfers, receiving therefrom M.B. Lowry, S.W. Moreland and Samuel Robbins.

4. John B. Cardwell m. in Bedford County, TN Elizabeth Taylor on March 9, 1832. (From *National Banner*, Nashville, TN) In 1850 Washington County census family #246 in Prairie Township was:

Elizabeth Cardwell	36	TN	Joanna	10	TN
Joseph	16	TN	William	8	TN
Louiza	14	TN	Colbert	6	TN
Margaret	12	TN			

This is the family of John Cardwell, as can be seen by the birthplace of the children. They moved to Arkansas some twenty years later than Richard and family. It is not known where John was at this time, but it is thought he had gone west in the gold rush about 1849. It is also believed that he returned, joined the Confederate army and was killed in action. This has not been verified.

5. Martha Cardwell, b. ca 1814 TN, m. D.M. Williford. In the 1850 census of Prairie Township, they were #224, living near her brother William Cardwell.

D.M. Williford	33	TN	Lorana	8	AR
Martha	36	TN	Marget	4	
Mary	11	AR	Sarah	1	AR
William	10	AR			

Nothing more is known of them.

6. Richard Wilson Cardwell, Jr., b. September 9,1818, Bedford County, TN. In the 1850 census of Mountain Township, family #47 was:

R.W. Cardwell	32	TN	Scott Atkison	19	AR
Mary	25	AR			

Could she have been Mary Atkison and have brother Scott living with them? R.W. Cardwell m. 2nd October 15, 1867 Mary Banks, daughter of Jordan and Susannah Banks. Children from this union: William Cardwell, d. in infancy, John Cardwell, Belle Cardwell b. 1870 m. W.M. Sweeney September 4, 1887.

The following is from *Centennial History of Arkansas*, Vol. III, 1922:

Wilson Cardwell of Springdale, Washington County, Arkansas, is one of the few familiar figures in the house of the forty-third general assembly. Elected just for the session of 1913, he was returned in 1917, and again in 1921 (Wilson served many more terms). He was born September 23, 1868 at Fayetteville and has resided in the county all of his nearly fifty-three years. He had but meager opportunities to attend school, but has overcome by virtue of keen intelligence and untiring energy. As a farmer he has been highly successful, moreover he has had much to do with

organizing of the fruit growers of the section. Also he has been twice elected Alderman of Springdale.

Mr. Cardwell is a member of the Democratic Party. In the matter of religion he is a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. A trustee at the church in Springdale and a member of the Masonic Lodge at Springdale, also Lodge No. 36 Order of the Odd Fellows.

He comes of a hardy family of Arkansas pioneers. The father Richard Wilson Cardwell was b. Bedford County, TN Sept. 9, 1819 (sic) the year that Arkansas was formed a territory. The elder Cardwell, that is the grandfather (Richard Wilson Cardwell Sr.) of Representative Cardwell as an old fashioned Circuit Rider Minister of the Methodist faith. It is a tradition of the Cardwell family that the grandfather, in making the rounds of his churches, passed through four counties, spending many days in the saddle. (Note: In the 1950's, this writer was told the saddle remained in the family but was not seen by him.) For these services there was no fixed compensation, only free will offerings. Richard W. Cardwell Jr. volunteered for service in the Mexican War. Arkansas quota being but one regiment. He was left at home to help guard the Western frontier. He was m. in 1867 and died May 1901. His wife was Mary M. Banks, Fayetteville. Her family, too, came in early days to Arkansas, like her husband. She was also the daughter of a Methodist minister. Mary Banks Cardwell died July 15, 1887.

Hon. William (Wilson?) Cardwell m. Dec. 1887 Aquilla May Boyd. She was b. May 27, 1872, Springdale, d. of Rev. J.T. and Mary (Hale) Boyd, both descended from pioneer families. To Mr. and Mrs. Cardwell have been born these children: James Earl, Nov. 7, 1889; Bessie Marie, Feb. 11, 1890 (?), d. Oct. 23, 1904; Minnie Ellen, b. Sept. 3, 1892; Clyde Young, July 23, 1894; Mary Irene, February 23, 1896; Carl Otto, Sept. 11, 1900; Maxine Gomey, February 10, 1905.

From the Northwest Arkansas TIMES, August 27, 1945:

Senator Cardwell Dies in Springdale

Former Senator Andrew Jackson Wilson Cardwell, 76, died Saturday afternoon at the home of his son, Otto Cardwell, on Berry Street. He served for a number of years in the State legislature, then was elected Senator.

The son of Irene Banks and Richard Wilson Cardwell, he had lived in Springdale the past 41 years and in this area his entire life.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Minnie Werff of Covington, Ky. and Mrs. Mary Irene Huston of Cincinnati, Ohio; four sons, J.E. Cardwell of Bakersfield, Calif., M.G. Cardwell of Little Rock, Clyde Cardwell of Los Angeles, and Otto Cardwell of Springdale.

From the same paper, August 31:

Funeral services for Senator Wilson Cardwell were held yesterday afternoon at Callison-Russell Funeral Home by the Rev. A.L. Cline of Siloam Springs, former Springdale pastor, and the Rev. Vernon Chalfant, pastor of the First Methodist Church. Pallbearers were: J.L. Straf-

ford, L.S. Searcy, R.O. Hannah, U.S. Lovell, Taylor Jones and Elmer Johnson. Honorary Pallbearers were: John Nance of Rogers, Hal Norwood of Meana, J.H. Meyers and Lee Sanders of Springdale, and E.S. Graham of Lowell. Burial was in Zion Cemetery, southeast of Springdale.

Richard W. and Mary (Banks) Cardwell, Jr. are buried in Gehrings Chapel Cemetery, Fayetteville.

7. William Harper Cardwell, b. August 19, 1819, Bedford County, TN, m. (date not known but in Washington County) Delaney Gregg, daughter of Henry and Mary (Murrell) Gregg. (William H. and Delaney are great-great-grandparents of the writer.)

Their children:

A. Thomas Cardwell, b. ca 1844 Washington County, AR. Enlisted November 10, 1861 by W.H. Brooks in Confederate Army, CO. E, 1st Battalion, Arkansas Cavalry (Stirmans). Copies of some letters written by Thomas to his parents follow. (The original letters are in the University of Arkansas library, along with land grants.)

Camp Rest March 27, 1862

Dear Father and family,

I take the present opportunity of writing you a few lines to let you know I am well. We have had a hard time since we left the Barracks. I was sick a few days, when we first came here. I would like to come home and see you all but I don't expect I will get to come soon as it seems like they can't do without us. We have been Pickets for the whole army ever since we have been with it. Our Major curses them but it don't do any good. It is getting late and I must close. Write soon and let me know how you are getting along a farming for I am anxious to hear.

Yours as ever, Thos. A. Cardwell

N.B. tell Aunt Mary not to get mad at me for I am going to write first chance I get. (Aunt Mary was wife of Richard W. Cardwell.)

Mr. A.F. Cardwell:

I will write you a few lines to let you know I saw your Kate gall (sic) the other day and I took dinner with her. I have found me a sweeter one here. Her name is Melissa Cardwell. She is the pretiest (sic) girl in this country. I want you to write and let me know how you are a geting along.

P.S. Give my love to all the girls. Your brother, Thos. Cardwell

Searcy, Ark., April 22, 62

Dear Father and Mother,

I take the present opportunity of writing you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present and hope these lines find you the same. I have nothing of interest to write. We are ordered to Memphis but don't know when we will get there the swamps are impassable. We are a wayting here for boats to take us down. We expect we will be dismounted for awhile. That I don't like for I had rather fight on horseback. I would like to see you all but I don't expect I will get to come home till my time is out if then. So no more, Thos. A. Cardwell

N.B. I wat (sic) you to write to me if you hear that we are stationed anywhere. I expect though the next time you hear from us we will be in Missouri as we belong to Seanses (?) Division.

Camp near Saltillo, Miss.
Stirmans Reg. Sharp Shooters 3 Brig. and 3d division Army of the West.
Sept. 28, 62
Dear Brother,
I take the present opportunity of writing you a few lines to let you know I am well and when these lines come to hand they will find you enjoying the same blessing.
The boys are generaly well. John Cage is at Columbus in the hospital. I heard from him yesterday. He will be in Camp soon. John Pleasants is in the Country sick. He has been very bad off but is better now. There are several of our boys at the hospital but none of them much sick. We expect Ben Crawford is dead. He went down the railroad sick, while we were at Corinth. We have never heard from him since he left.

(John Cage and John Pleasants were cousins of Thos. Cardwell. These letters help one to understand some of the misery and suffering of the War. All wars are Hell.)

This letter was written to A.F. Cardwell, his brother.
Camp near Abbyville, Miss. Nov. 9, 1st Batt. Arks. Cav. 2 Brig. Bowers Divs. Army of West.
Dear Father, I embrace the present opportunity of writing you a few lines. This leaves me well and getting along tolerable well. I have nothing of importance to write only we are expecting an attack from the enemy soon. We are working day and night throwing up brestworks on the Tally Hatche River where we expect to give them battle. I was very much surprised yesterday when our Curior came in to find he had no letter for me. I think you might have wrote me even if I didn't write you.
Give my love to Ma and the Children. Excuse a short letter this time.
Your son, Thos. A. Cardwell

AD, I want you to be sure and write to me and give me all the news and let me know how you and your girl is getting along.
NB, you had better sell my hors for I don't expect we will ever be mounted again. We were ordered to send for our hourse a few weeks ago and Lieutenant Davis sent his pass to General to be signed and it never returned. Yesterday, Gen. Timbleton wrote to Col. Stirman that there was already more Cavl. serving with the Army than was needed and that he could not mount us now, but maby he would some future day. They have mounted Brg. Ross's Jones and Whitfields but let Arks. Walk.

Camp Rogers Miss. Dec. 15,
Dear Brother,
As I have an opportunity of sending you a letter I will tell you something about our Miss. marches. Last night was two weeks ago the feds tried to

surround us at Abyville. Some of us started that night and the rest stayed to burn up the depo and commissaries. We marched all night through the rain, forded several creeks and had a high time generally. Next morning we got to Oxford we were nearly froze but the feds were in three miles of us. We had to travel on through the rain and mud. They kept us going for a week but we out run them. We are now camped on Yalabusha river. I was glad to hear that Pa is getting well. I want you to write me often and give me all the news.

Your brother, Thos. A. Cardwell

Mr. H.C. Cardwell, I haven't forgotten you let me know how you are getting along. T.A.C.

Billy you must be a good boy and work and make a heap of corn this year.
Mary be a good girl and mind your mother.
Mag you must tell Pa to buy you and Lizy some candy for me. T.A.C.
N.B. Tell Ma that I am much obliged to her for sending me them apples.

Another letter, too dim to copy. T.A. Cardwell states they have heard the cannon firing at Vicksburg for several days. Then this:

Vicksburg Miss. July 7, 1863.
To all whom it may concern, know ye that I Thomas Cardwell, a Private of Co. E. 1 Batt'n. Ark. Cavl. Vols. C.S.A. being a prisoner of War, in the hands of the United States Forces, in Virtue of the capitulation of the City of Vicksburg and its garrison, by Lieut. Gen. John C. Pemberton, C.S.A. Commanding on the 4th day of July 1863, do in pursuance of the terms of said capitulation, give this my solomn parole under oath. That I will not take up arms again against the United States, nor serve in any military police or constabulary force in any Fort, Garrison, or Field Work, held by the Confederate States of America, Against the United States of America, nor as a guard of any prison, depots, or stores, nor discharge any duties usually performed by officers or soldiers against the United States of America, until duly exchanged by the proper authorities.
Thomas Cardwell

Sworn to and subscribed before me at Vicksburg, Miss. this 8th day of July, 1863.

Capt. S.W. Forgy 31st Reg't.
Illinois Vols and paroling officer.

Thomas Cardwell walked from Vicksburg to Van Buren where he died. His family went there and returned his body to Fayetteville. He is buried at Gehrings Chapel Cemetery, dates on stone no longer legible. (Information is from Lee Fox, age 89, whose mother was Margaret (Meg) Cardwell Fox. Lee lives in Fayetteville.)

Thomas, as one can tell by the letters, was interested in knowing how his father and family were doing on the farm. William owned a considerable amount of land, most of it in Section 19, TWP 17, Range 29. This is located between what is now Lake Fayetteville and Zion. At least 440

acres were purchased from original grants. Some had been allocated to veterans of the War of 1812 and sold by the grantee. Tradition is that the Cardwell family were very well-to-do farmers before the Civil War. After the War, they never attained this status again, but did manage to hold onto the land, a part of which was owned by members of the family until recent years. There were at least seven land grants involved. My grandmother, Cora Ann Cardwell Horn, shared in this inheritance from her father, Adison F. Cardwell, but I'm getting ahead of my story. At this point I will insert a story told recently by Lee Fox, Fayetteville (see above), a great-grandson of Rev. Richard Wilson Cardwell. The Rev. R.W. Cardwell had a sister Sarah who liked to cuss. In later years, she was told by her brother that she should not cuss. Sarah said, "I like to cuss, I have cussed all my life, and I don't intend to stop now."

B. Adison Franklin Cardwell, second son of William H. and Delaney Gregg Cardwell, is the writer's ancestor, being my great-grandfather. Adison F., b. 11 December 1845, Washington County, m. 8 June 1867 to Teresa Catherine Roberts, d. 8 September 1879, three months before his 34th birthday. Adison never served in the Confederate Army along with his brother Thomas, as he was not a healthy, robust man. He did sign an Amnesty Oath after the War.

Amnesty Oath under proclamation of the President of the United States dated May 29, 1865.
I, Adison F. Cardwell, of Washington County, Arkansas, do solumly (sic) swear in the presence of Almighty God that I will henceforth faithfully support, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of States thereunder and that I will in like manner abide by and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves.
Sworn and Subscribed before me this *So help me God*
9th day of June, 1866 *Adison F. Cardwell*
G.W.M. Reed, Clerk

Children of Adison F. and Teresa C.(Kate) Cardwell:

a. Andrew Johnson Cardwell, b. Aug. 25, 1868, Washington County, AR, m. November 23, 1888 to Nancy Lavina Riggins, b. February 27, 1871 Washington County, dau. of John W. and Sarah (Billingsley) Riggins. Andrew d. March 30, 1952; Nancy d. February 10, 1944; both are buried in Zion Cemetery. Their children, all born in Washington County, AR, are: Myrtle Cardwell, b. 1889, d. 1895; Carrie Blake Cardwell, b. September 16, 1891, m. October 13, 1909 Sims Luper; Flora Cardwell, b. August 29, 1893, m. April 15, 1917, Al Luper; Frankie Lula Cardwell, b. September 8, 1895, m. January 1, 1920, Fred Reed; Nellie Cardwell, b. 1879, d. 1899; Pearl Lila Cardwell, b. March 10, 1901, m. August 12, 1947 Joe Kelly; Berrl Andrew Cardwell, b. December 20, 1904, m. Beulah Harris; Mildred Mozelle Cardwell, b. September 1, 1910, m. October 21, 1933, Harold Cassat; Ruth Cardwell, b. February 29, 1911, m. May 27, 1929 Leslie Steward.

b. Cora Ann Cardwell, b. July 5 1871, Collin County, TX, m. September 28, 1885 Nicholas Johnson Horn, b. November 9, 1863 Scott County, VA, son of Thomas Harmon and Sarah Elizabeth Fugate Horn.

Now the story gets complicated. Adison F. Cardwell left at his death in 1879 a wife and four small children, ages 4 to 11 years, including Cora Ann Cardwell above. Sarah E. Fugate Horn, at her death in 1879, in Washington County, Arkansas left husband Thomas H. Horn and seven children, ages 2-14 years, including the older one Nicholas J. Horn who m. Cora Ann Cardwell. On March 3, 1880, Thomas H. Horn, with his seven children, m. Terresa C. Roberts Cardwell and her four children. She was the daughter of Johnson N. and Annie Dobkins Roberts, b. Union County, GA. The Roberts family migrated to Washington County, AR ca 1857. The Thomas H. Horn family had arrived in Washington County from Virginia, via Labette County, KS in 1876. Now, back to the family of Thomas H. Horn and Terresa Cardwell. After their marriage in 1880, three children were born, making a total of 14. They were living a half mile west of Zion Methodist Church and school where the children attended. The writer was born nearby in 1921 (my mother lived some 79 years at Zion). It was very nice in my young years being surrounded by all of the kin: aunts, uncles, grandparents, great-uncles, great-aunts, and different degrees of relationships, hearing many traditions and stories. A great-uncle, Martin B. Horn, in my time lived on the farm where this large family had lived earlier, with the three sets of children. He was the son of Thomas and Sarah (Fugate) Horn and a big tease and good teller of stories, both fact and fiction. For this large family, separate sleeping quarters were built for the boys, brothers, half-brothers and step-brothers getting along very well throughout the growing-up time and all of life, as most married in Washington County. There was also, as in many early homes, a separate kitchen apart from the main house. Uncle "Mart" and wife Aunt "Sally" were well liked by all nephews and nieces, as well as in my generation of grand-nephews and -nieces. He milked cows, sold butter and produce from the farm. He was also a good grower of watermelons and sweet potatoes. With all these families of Cardwell, Gregg, Horn, Roberts and others, we were "kin" to most in the area with the exception of the Andersons and Eidsons, both old Washington County families who lived nearby. Some six or seven generations of my family attended church at Zion and most went to school there. Members of the family preached at the church and taught at the school. There was much tradition as well as many happy memories for me at Zion.

The children of Nicholas J. and Cora Ann Cardwell Horn, all born in Washington County, Arkansas were: (1) Catherine, b. September 20, 1887; m. August 9, 1904 William T. Plumlee, b. October 17, 1876, Clay County, TN, son of George F. and Amanda Grisham Plumlee. Catherine d. March 21, 1965 in California. William d. October 12, 1940, in California.

(2) Thomas Harmon Horn, b. November 9, 1889, d. March 19, 1906. (3) Adison Franklin Horn, b. September 23, 1891, m. November 25, 1915 Bessie Viola Rariden. He d. August 3, 1945 in California. (4) Sarah Ellen Horn, b. October 10, 1893, m. December 3, 1914, George K. Plumlee, d. January 12, 1884, Newton County, AR. Son of George F. and Amanda Grisham Plumlee. George d. August 13, 1937. Sarah d. October 2, 1973. Both are buried in Zion Cemetery. (These are the writer's parents). Also note: Catherine and Sarah Horn m. brothers, so our families were double cousins. (5) Elizabeth Horn, b. November 3, 1896, m. December 13, 1920, Elmer Benson. Elizabeth d. June 6, 1962 in California. (6) Metta Horn, b. January 16, 1898, m. 1917 Carlos Parsons. Metta d. June 19, 1934. (7) Laura Margaret Horn, b. August 4, 1900, m. July 19, 1930, Herman Milleman. Margaret lives Los Angeles, CA. (8) Nicholas Johnson Horn, b. October 1, 1902, m. September 24, 1921 Eula Mae Harp. Nicholas d. September 26, 1978. (9) Lula Belle Horn, b. December 1904, m. August 14, 1926 Joseph F. Bratka. Lula D. June 19, 1934. Both she and Metta were killed in a car-train accident in California. (10) Beryl Ann Horn, b. March 10, 1907, m. September 3, 1929 Lyman E. Rasmussen. They live in Ventura, California. (11) Harold Truman Horn, b. July 25, 1909, m. October 28, 1933 Amanda Rollins. They live in Toella, Utah.

c. The third child of Adison F. and Terresa Roberts Cardwell was Oscar N. Cardwell, b. February 11, 1873, Collin County, TX, m. October 7, 1894 Emma Jane Sill, b. September 10, 1874, daughter of Eli and Susan Smith Sill. Children were all born in Washington County, Arkansas. (1) Willie Ray Cardwell, b. April 22, 1896, d. September 10, 1898. (2) Lula Joy Cardwell, b. July 20, 1899, m. August 23, 1924 James L. Bannon. (3) Daisy Gladys Cardwell, b. August 29, 1901, m. October 25, 1931 Albert A. Kraatz. (4) Oscar Paul Cardwell, b. November 12, 1903, m. June 16, 1924 Grace Johnson. (5) Marie Anita Cardwell, b. December 5, 1910, m. December 30, 1932 Herman McCollough. (6) Hazel Aileen Cardwell, b. May 6, 1917, m. August 2, 1946 James W. Mitchell.

d. Estelle Franklin Cardwell, b. April 8, 1877, m. October 28, 1898 Sadie Ann Nail, daughter of Thomas and Mary Bradley Nail. Children, all b. Washington County, Arkansas. (1) Lillian Mary Cardwell, b. November 20, 1900, m. 1948 to Vivian W. Love. Lillian d. January 9, 1963, Tulsa, OK. (2) Orlin Judd Cardwell, b. March 12, 1902, m. July 2, 1932 Mabel Buckridge. (3) Fannie Opal Cardwell, b. January 9, 1904, m. November 5, 1925 William O. Russell. (4) Harry Franklin Cardwell, b. April 10, 1905, never married. This family, with the exception of Lillian, lived in Idaho.

C. Henry Curtis Cardwell, third son of William H. and Delaney Gregg Cardwell, b. October 13, 1847, m. Margaret Emma Hale (known as "Aunt Em"). Henry C. Cardwell d. May 27, 1884, Aunt Em many years later in the 1930s. Both are buried in Gehring's Chapel Cemetery. From the 1880 Census, Washington County, AR, Prairie Township:

#366, Cardwell, Henry C. . . . . 32 b. AR
Margaret E. . . 30 b. NC

Claudius . . . . . 9 b. AR
Franklin . . . . . 7 b. AR
Maude . . . . . 3 b. AR

Another child, Mary, was born later. Another child, also, name not known. While a baby, it was left on a pallet on the floor while its mother Emma took water to Henry who was working in a field. When she returned to the house the baby had somehow crawled into the fireplace and was burned to death. Aunt Em never completely recovered from this, although she lived many years. Her daughter Mary remained with her on the home place until Aunt Em's death.

Jacob Fox, father of Lee Fox who now lives in Fayetteville, was a brother-in-law of Aunt Em and lived on a nearby farm. He went frequently to see her and to ask if anything was needed. Uncle Jake was a farmer and on one occasion had worked in the field all day and later, at dark, had gone for a visit. He had to walk through the woods and as he approached the house, Aunt Em called out, "Who is there? Friend or foe?" Uncle Jake answered "Friend" and Aunt Em replied, "Yes, Jake, I would know that voice anywhere." One son of Henry C. and Emma Hale Cardwell, Claude, had these children: Glen Cardwell, Otis Cardwell who married Lula Anderson. Otis now lives in Fayetteville, age 88.

D. The fourth son of William H. and Delaney Gregg Cardwell, William Albert Cardwell, b. October 19, 1851, m. August 6, 1871 Mary Ann Pruner, b. February 13, 1855, daughter of William G. Pruner. Their children were: Clara Cardwell, b. December 5, 1875; Myra Belle Cardwell, b. December 7, 1877; Ida Jane Cardwell, b. December 9, 1879 Walter Earl Cardwell, b. November 25, 1881; Nora Ann Cardwell, b. November 14, 1883, m. March 1, 1905 Jacob Ethelbert Guthary; Jacob Cardwell, b. January 14, 1890; Albert Lloyd Cardwell, b. January 28, 1892, lived in Tulsa, OK for many years and died not so many years ago.

E. The fifth child of William H. and Delaney Cardwell was Martha Cardwell, b. 1855, m. May 3, 1877 Isaac Fox.

F. The sixth child of William H. and Delaney Cardwell was Margaret "Meg" Cardwell, b. 1857, m. September 18, 1879 Jacob B. Fox. Meg d. 1941, Jacob d. 1931 and both are buried in Zion Cemetery. Two children, both born in Washington County: Laura Fox and Lee Fox, who now lives in Fayetteville, Arkansas, age nearly 90. To me, it's remarkable to have a first cousin of my grandmother living; if living, my grandmother would be 113!

G. The seventh child of William H. and Delaney Cardwell was Elizabeth, b. 1859. Nothing more is known.

H. The eighth child of William and Delaney Cardwell was James L. Cardwell, m. December 4, 1879 to Arizona Henry. In 1880 census of Washington County, Arkansas, Prairie Township, they were living with Delaney Cardwell.

Virginia Cardwell, b. 1827 in Bedford County, TN, as stated earlier, was living with her parents in the 1850 census. At that time she was Virginia Pleasants with three small children, evidently a widow. She m. 2nd in 1851 Alex Denny, and was not living when her father Richard made his will in 1871. No more is known of her.

In the 1850 Washington County census for Prairie Township, #222 was William Routh and family #223, Ann Parkman and children, #224 D.M. and Martha Williford family (Martha was sister to William Cardwell), #225 William Cardwell family, #226 family of R.W. Bishop. It is seen that all these heads of families, with the exception of Ann Parkman, were born in Tennessee.

#225, Cardwell, William H. . . . 31 b. TN
Delaney . . . . . 28 b. AL
Thomas . . . . . 7 b. AR
Adison . . . . . 5 b. AR
Henry . . . . . 3 b. AR

Other nearby neighbors include Patton, Graham, Fine, Pierson, Van Hoose, Crouch, Pettigrew and Appleby, names that appear throughout the history of Washington County.

Will of William H. Cardwell

Know all whom it may concern that I William H. Cardwell of the county of Washington in the State of Arkansas, do make constitute and publish the following as my last will and testament. That is to say: 1st. I wish that when dead my body be decently but not costly interred. 2nd. I will that my estate be disposed of as following to wit, I will and bequeath that all my real estate be and remain in the possession and under the control of my beloved wife Delaney Cardwell during her natural life and that all the rents and profits arising therefrom be delivered to her use and support of the children that may be living with her and should my said wife die before my said youngest child then living shall have arrived at the age of seventeen years then I will that said real estate remain unsold until my youngest child shall arrive at the said age of seventeen years and that the same, after due notice for more than one month being given be then sold in one entire body (or in forties or eighties provided the children cannot agree on the dividing) on a credit of not less than six months nor more than eighteen months to the highest bidder, the title not to be made until the same is fully paid for. 3rd. I will and bequeath that all my household and kitchen furniture and farming tools and implements of industry of every kind and description be and remain in the possession of my said wife for her use and the use of the family living with her, and if she should die then all the said personal property to be sold as in cases of administration. 4th. I will and bequeath that four of my best horses and mules be left with my said wife, to be selected by her, subject to her sole control for her use and the support of her and family on said farm and that she likewise select and keep eight head of my stock cattle and all my stock of hogs and sheep for the purpose aforesaid. 5th. I will that all the remainder of my stock be sold to the highest bidder after having given due notice for over 20 days, on credit of twelve months with good and sufficient security, and all my just debts and liabilities paid out of the same and that the remainder of the amount of said sale be equally divided between Thomas A., Adison F., Henry C., William A., Mary A., Margaret C., and Martha E., my seven children and should I have any other children by my said wife that such heir

is to share equally with my other children. 6th. My positive direction is that my said real estate be not sold under any circumstances until the time above specified trusting to my said family supporting on the other property left for their use and I do expect that all of said lands remain unsold whether said support is ample or not. 7th. I further will that sufficiency of my corn and other provinder and provisions of all kinds to support my said family and the stock set apart to my said wife for the full period of one year and if there be more than such sum that it will be sold at the time upon the terms and the proceeds applied in the same way of my stock above directed to be sold, and further I will that all the debts due or owing to me be carefully collected and when received that the same be equally divided for the use of my said children. 8th. I will that Delaney Cardwell, my said wife and Lafayette Gregg be, and they are hereby constituted and appointed my executor and executrix to carry out the provisions of this my said will.
In testamony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 8th day of January 1862.

W.H. Cardwell (seal)

We the undersigned have hereunto set our hands as wittnesses at the request of the above testator and in his presence and that he signed the same in our presence this 8th day Jany. 1862.
B.M. Routh
Richard W. Cardwell

Attest
Wm. G. Pruner
Thomas H. Henson

It is most likely that Lafayette Gregg, brother-in-law of W.H. Cardwell, wrote this will. Also, the Richard W. Cardwell who signed as witness was father of W.H. Cardwell. One year later, in 1863, a son James was born to W.H. and Delaney Cardwell. Son Thomas was serving in the Confederacy at the time the will was made.

Some Cardwell Marriages

1851 Virginia Cardwell Pleasants - Alex Denny
1857 Joseph Cardwell - Drusilla Holton
1861 Melvina Cardwell - R.C. Manuel
1867 John Cardwell - Martha Edmonson
1867 Richard Cardwell - Mary Banks
August 6, 1871 Albert Cardwell - Mary Pruner
November 13, 1871 Mary Cardwell - Silas Boren
April 11, 1875 William Cardwell - Laura
(this William probably son of Hosea)
December 4, 1879 James Cardwell - Arizona Henry
May 3, 1877 Martha Cardwell - Isaac Fox
September 18, 1879 Maggie Cardwell - J.B. Fox
August 25, 1870 Drucilla Cardwell - Isaac Lake
November 25, 1888 A.J. Cardwell - Nancy Riggins
September 16, 1883 L.S. Cardwell - Miss L.B. Jobe
December 4, 1887 Wilson Cardwell - Quilla Boys
March 7, 1875 Ellen Cardwell - Charles Oliver

December 24, 1886 Rachel Cardwell - H.W. Hicks
October 1, 1885 Cora Ann Cardwell - A.S. Gregg
September 4, 1887 Belle Cardwell - W.M. Sweeney

The following is information gleaned from Fayetteville newspapers:

From the *Democrat*, June 10, 1887 *"Uncle Hosea Cardwell, one of our oldest and best-known citizens, died Friday morning at the residence of C.M. Oliver in this city. He had been suffering with carbuncle for several weeks, which proved to be too much for his constitution, stong as it was for one of his age. He was truly an "old landmark" and his passing away leaves one less of the very few surviving pioneers of Washington County. He was 76 years old and leaves a wife, several children and a host of friends."*

The following items are from The Democrat, March 30, 1882:

"Go to Cardwell's Grocery Store, North West corner of Square, for good coffee. 8 pounds for a dollar."

"Cranberries enough for all at Cardwells, Northwest Corner Public Square."

"Sour Kraut is a bully thing any way you take it. For sale at W.C. Cardwells." *(This Cardwell's Grocery Store was owned by William Cardwell, son of Hosea Cardwell.)*

This is a very incomplete record of the Gregg-Cardwell families who have left so many descendants in Washington County and across the U.S.A. from coast to coast. It has been a pleasure collecting and trying to put this together, and it is hoped that those who read it will enjoy and perhaps add to the story. I would be pleased to receive corrections and additions.

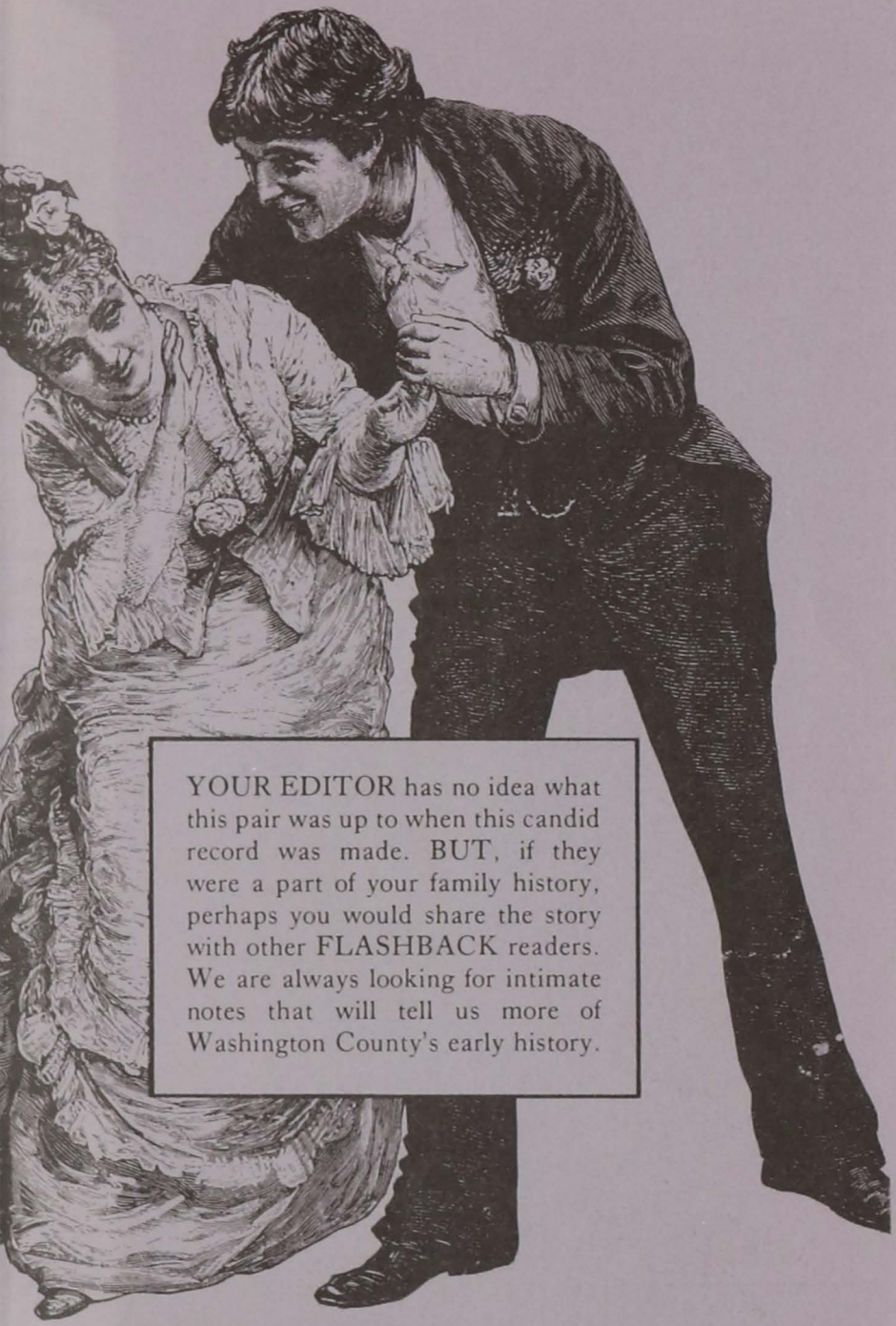
Robert Plumlee

OUR READERS WRITE

Linda K. Johnson Rice, P.O. Box 210935, Auke Bay, Alaska 99821: I received my issue of FLASHBACK for February 1985 and saw the wonderful photo on page 37 of Civil War veterans. In the top row, third person from the left, Tom Joyce, I gazed at an ancestor of mine. I have never seen a photo of him, but have seen a copy of one of his father and brother and two sisters. The person identified as John Oxford would also be an ancestor through marriage. The following is information I have on both men.

Source Arkansas, 1911 Census of Confederate Veterans, Vol. II by McLane and Glazner, 1980:

James *Thomas* Joyce, son of Alexander of North Carolina, son of John Joyce. b. 5 June 1837 Grainger County, Tennessee. Served with Company "C" 33rd Infantry full-time. Married Eliza Cloer, daughter of George Washington Cloer and his wife Sarah (who were Germans) on August 9, 1855. Their children; (1) William W. Joyce, born Spring Valley, Arkansas; (2) Mary E. Joyce; (3) Isabelle Joyce. (Note: I sent for this record from the National Archives, Military Records, and received back "No record". I have not tried the Arkansas state archives or history commission.)



YOUR EDITOR has no idea what this pair was up to when this candid record was made. BUT, if they were a part of your family history, perhaps you would share the story with other FLASHBACK readers. We are always looking for intimate notes that will tell us more of Washington County's early history.

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